What's Wrong with Newspaper Editorials? . . By Virginius Dabney

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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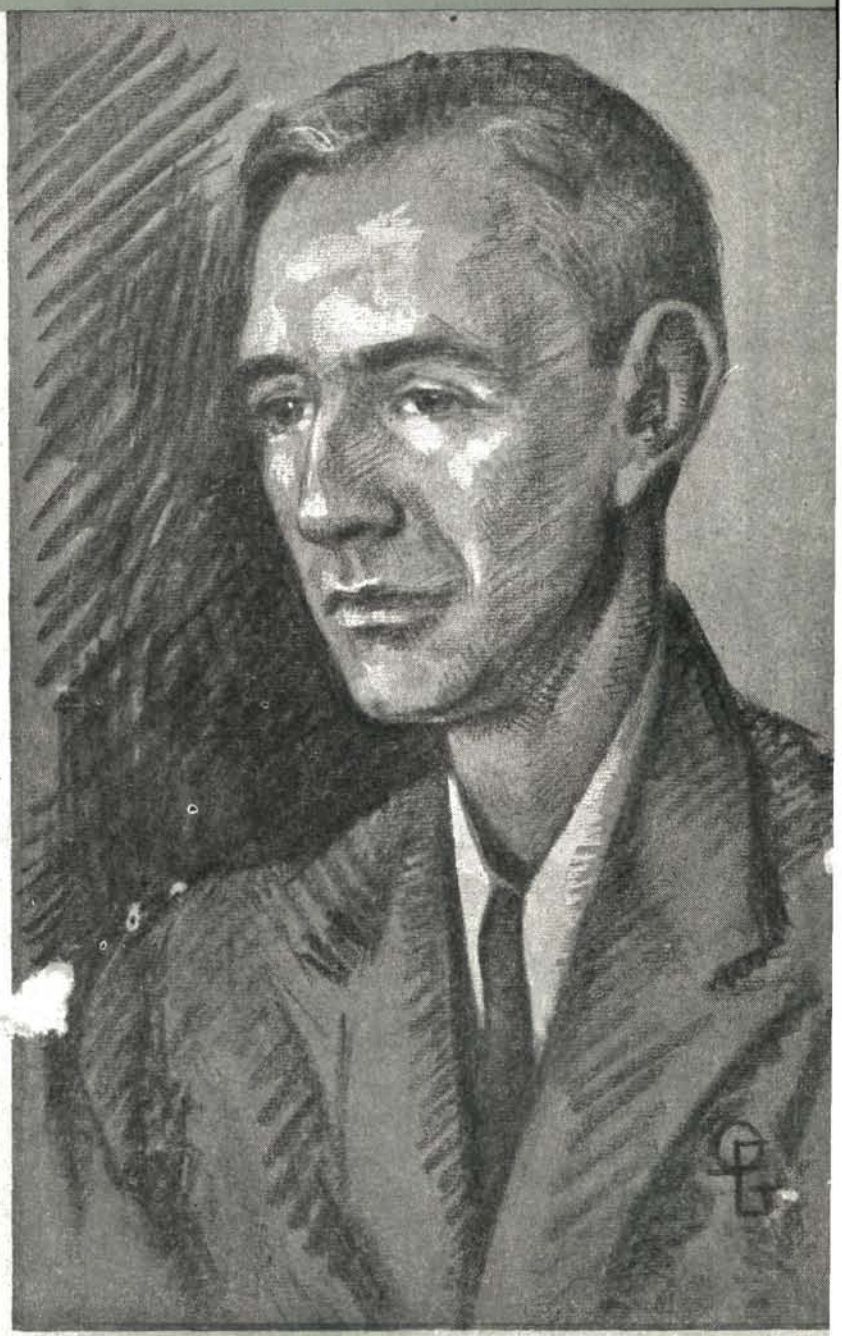

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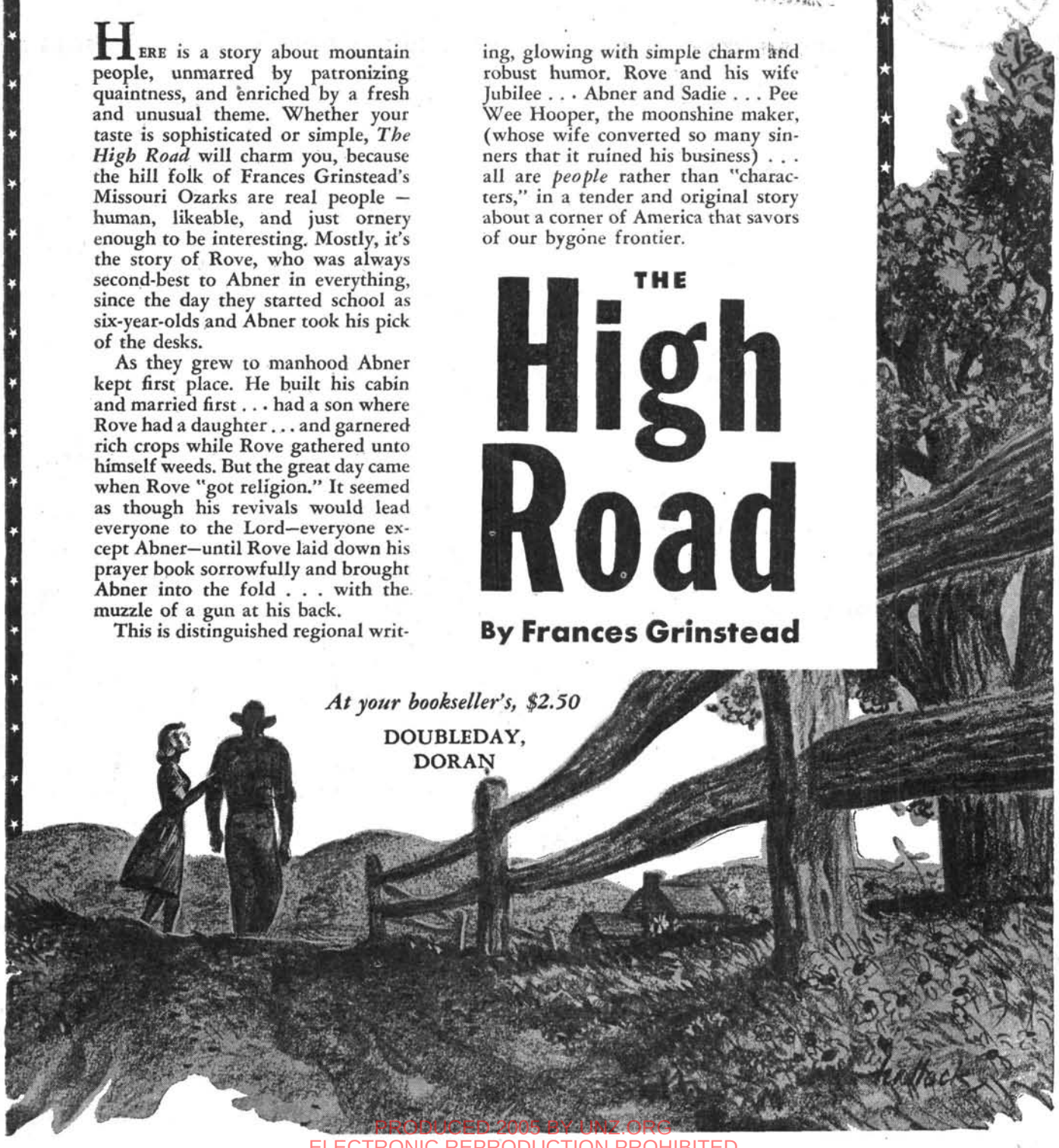

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 8, February 24, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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- **We all want a world in which law will take the place of force.** Most of us want some sort of world court. But who is to make the international law the world court is to enforce, and *what principles will that law embody?*
- **We all believe in Democracy.** We talk about free elections in every country. But how would we feel about those free elections if a large part of Western Europe goes Communist—or if those free elections set up a Fascist bloc flanking our own Panama Canal?
- **We all believe in freedom.** But should a world organization guarantee the right of every nation to make *all* its own laws, regardless of how those laws may affect the social and economic life of its neighbors? Should the little Balkan countries be free to perpetuate their economic chaos with trade and immigration barriers every few hundred miles?

Contrariwise, if we feel that world organization should curb the nationalism of others, will we let the world organization interfere with the frank nationalism of our own tariff and immigration laws?

If the world organization we all want is to succeed where the League of Nations failed, we still have a lot of thinking to do. We can't postpone this thinking until the end of the war or until some mythical cooling-off period. The heat is on. The pot is boiling.

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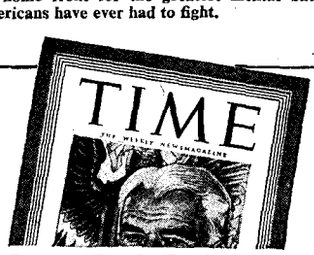

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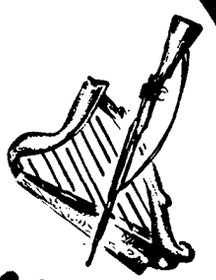

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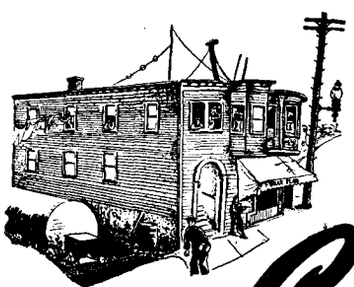

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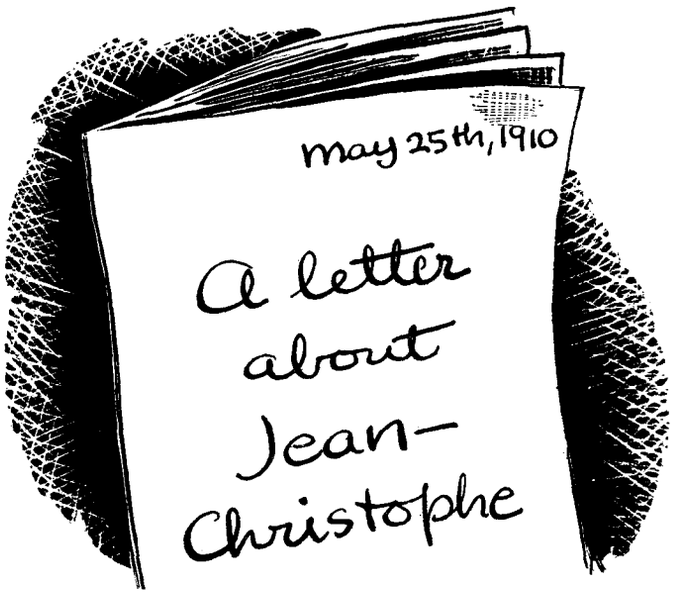

BECAUSE of the paper shortage we are at present practically out of stock of one of the greatest books on our list, Romain Rolland's JEAN-CHRISTOPHE. The other day, while trying to plan for a new one-volume edition, which we hope to have ready by Fall, we were investigating correspondence about the book. Here is the first item in the archives. It delighted us so much that we decided to pass it along to SRL readers.

21, Bedford Street
London
May 25th, 1910

Henry Holt Esq.,
34, West 33rd Street,
New York.

Dear Mr. Holt,

I am sending you to-day by post, in case you should not have them, four volumes published under the generic title of JEAN CHRISTOPHE. Assuming that you do not know this publication, (you will forgive, if you do, my "freshness" in bringing it to your notice) I want to submit it to your most careful consideration and to propose to you that we should jointly undertake the translation of the same.

It is the biography, as you will see, of a musical genius, and it will ultimately run to ten volumes, of which eight have now appeared. Unattractive as this may seem, I believe that this publication has an enormous chance of becoming a world classic; in fact, it is already considered to be so in France.

The first four volumes are concerned with the childhood and youth of Jean Christophe in Germany. As you will notice, at the end of the fourth volume he is forced to fly the country and he goes to Paris, where he rises, after many struggles, to what I assume will ultimately be a great musician.

I consider the first volume to be one of the most beautiful prose poems I have ever read, and I look upon the whole as the most valuable contribution to French literature of our age.

The fact that it is still incomplete, its enormous length, have so far militated against its being known outside of France; but there it has already gone through many editions, and the enclosed cutting will show you that England also is beginning to wake up to the importance of this book, which I think will rank some day with the great romances of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas père.

What is fortunate about this book is that each volume is, in a way, a rounded whole and can be read irrespectively of what precedes or succeeds. At the same time, of course, Jean Christophe is the centre of the book from beginning to end, and it is his biography that we read in ten instalments.

The book comes to a natural break at the end of the fourth volume, and I have made a conditional arrangement with the French publishers to issue the first four volumes, with an option, of course, on the continuation. As you will see, the first two volumes are very short, the third and fourth longer, but my proposal would be to publish in two volumes my English translation of these first four French volumes, at the price of six shillings each—one dollar and a half: one in the fall of this year and the other early in 1911. I should call the first volume JOHN CHRISTOPHER: *Dawn and Morning*, and the second volume, JOHN CHRISTOPHER: *Storm and Stress*, and I have got a most admirable translator in young Gilbert Cannan, whose name you no doubt know.

My proposition to you is that you shall join me in making these two volumes in question, with the option of continuing the publication if it proves successful. Our edition would run probably into five—possibly six—volumes, ultimately, but we should be pledged for no more than the first two except in so far that I have promised the author that I will continue the publication unless it proves too disastrous: that is to say that a small initial loss would not frighten me from going on, in view of the fact that the whole thing complete must have a value as a set quite apart from and over and above what the individual volumes could attain. I should hope that my American colleague (and I hope I shall find one in you) would interpret in the same liberal sense the understanding, though, as I say, he binds himself for no more than volumes I and II of the English edition.

I can obtain the authorization and a translation of these four French volumes for 250 guineas, that is, 125 guineas for each of the volumes of the English edition, and my proposal is that you take them from me at half that price—62½ guineas for each of the volumes of the English edition, with an option of continuing the publication; though the rate per volume would be slightly higher where the volumes are longer.

I shall be much obliged if you will give this matter your most careful consideration as soon as you can. I believe the proposal I make is one which will appeal to you, and I know that I am offering you a book of the very highest literary merit. I also believe that it is certain to have a considerable sale and, what is more, that it will become in time a regular and steady seller which will be in demand when few of the novels of to-day are still remembered.

I shall be grateful if you will do this at your earliest convenience, because, you failing me, I should like to offer the book somewhere else. But this is one of the publications which I especially select for you, because I have more confidence in your judgment than in that of any of your colleagues on your side of the herring pond.

Very truly yours,
/S/ Wm. Heinemann

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Random House informs us that they still have a few thousand of the Modern Library Giant edition of JEAN-CHRISTOPHE *available. Price, $1.50. There are, as of today, 129 sets of the Holt 3-volume edition in our stockroom at $2.00 per volume. Each volume can be bought separately.*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What's Wrong with Newspaper Editorials?

A Noticeable Shift in Emphasis from Public Service to "Property"

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

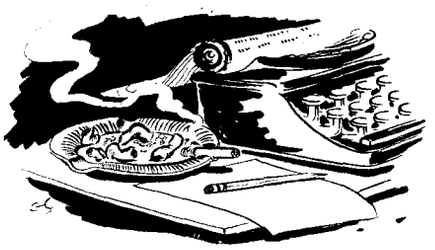
WHAT has happened to the editorial page in America? Are its current meditations on an approximate intellectual level with those of Popeye and Joe Palooka? Newspapers, and especially their editorial policies, are roundly belabored nowadays at periodic intervals by President Roosevelt, "Curmudgeon" Ickes, the liberal weeklies, and various other individuals and agencies. Half a century ago it was the trusts who took this beating and served as the national whipping boy. Today the larruping goes to that oft-apostrophized "palladium of our liberties," the press.

When *The Saturday Review* asked me to discuss the decline of the editorial page in America, I demurred. After all, the page for which I happen to be responsible is by no means perfect, and it seemed more appropriate for me to address myself to its shortcomings than to spend my time in offering gratuitous advice to others. In the end, however, the invitation was accepted. The problem is a vital one, and worth the serious consideration of every newspaperman.

There seems to be little doubt that the influence of the average newspaper has fallen in recent decades, and that much of the current criticism is justified. Millions of Americans have come to look at their press with suspicion and skepticism. The feeling that the press has relatively little influence has been heightened by President Roosevelt's successive sweeps in the face of overwhelming newspaper opposition. That, however, is not the whole story. Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, to say nothing of Thomas Jefferson, also had the bulk of the dailies against them, a fact pointed out lately by the *Asheville* (N.C.) *Citizen-Times,* and something which many persons appear to have forgotten. For well over a half a century the newspapers of the United States have been heavily Republican, and any Democratic candidate for President has had to win in the face of their opposition. So the mere fact that Mr. Roosevelt had the press against him, and was elected despite it, means no more than it did when Jefferson, Cleveland, and Wilson did the same thing.

It must be conceded that today's American newspapers have their good points. For one thing, they are the most informative and the freest papers in the world, and their news coverage is superior to that in any other country. Their shortcomings, however, are manifest.

Those shortcomings center, in many cases, in the editorial page. This is not the view of just one individual or of a small group. It is borne out by various recent surveys, covering cross-sec-



tions of the population. One made by *Fortune* indicated that news interpretation by radio commentators is preferred by 39.3 per cent of those queried, as against 25.9 who prefer newspaper editorials, and 10.7 who prefer columnists. In other words, the radio commentators received a larger percentage than the other two combined. Another survey, made by Advertising Research Foundation, showed that, in the seventy-three papers covered, almost twice as many men read comics, sports, and advertising as read editorials, while the disparity in the case of women is even greater, except that for them society news replaces sports.

We have here convincing evidence that editorials are not the force in American life that they ought to be, or that they were a generation or two ago. At that time, the competition they now have from radio was non-existent, of course, and the comic strip was in its infancy. The editors did not have to compete with such noted commentators as Raymond Gram Swing and William L. Shirer in the evening, or with the musings of Dagwood and Andy Gump in the morning. Furthermore, newspapers in that halcyon era were largely innocent of news concerning high society's daily doings, while such features as crossword puzzles, beauty hints, and advice to moonstruck youths and maidens were totally unknown. You read your paper almost entirely for its news and its editorials, and since one man often dominated both, and put the stamp of his personality and his opinions, as well as his prejudices, upon the paper, you generally subscribed because that man interested or stimulated you. Such obvious exemplars of the earlier journalism as Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana need scarcely be mentioned.

Moreover, the cost in those days of buying or founding a paper, even in a large city, was only the barest fraction of what it now is. Joseph Pulitzer bought the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* at public auction in 1878 for $2,500. Five years later it was making so much money that he was able to buy the *New York World* for $346,000. The price was considered high.

TODAY newspapers are Big Business, and they are run in that tradition. The publisher, who often knows little about the editorial side of the operation, usually is one of the leading business men in his community, and his editorial page, under normal circumstances, strongly reflects that point of view. Sometimes he gives his editor a free hand, but far oftener he does not. He looks upon the paper primarily as a "property," rather than as an instrument for public service. There are brilliant and honorable exceptions to these generalizations, but an American editor was disconcertingly close to the mark when he spoke not long ago of "the blinker-wearing stupidity of publishers as a class—men with the vision of soap manufacturers and the souls of oysters because almost all of them come from the counting room." This harsh judgment was quoted re-

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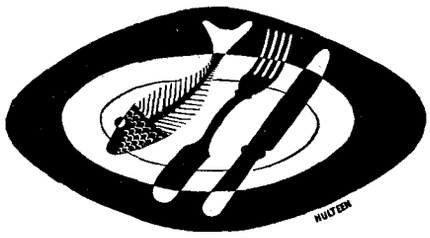
cently by John S. Knight, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and himself one of the country's leading publishers. All he said in rebuttal was that "a goodly number [of publishers] do not fall within that category."

The fact that the average American publisher is not only conservative, but frequently reactionary, and the further fact that he often imposes his views upon his editor, is the greatest single reason why the American editorial page has declined so sharply in influence. Instead of letting trained newspapermen conduct the paper, an art and mystery about which many publishers know little or nothing, they insist upon inflicting their prejudices and predilections upon the entire staff. It is in the realm of editorial policy that this interference produces its most appalling results. The publisher who is imbued with blind preconceptions concerning social and economic questions, preconceptions which stem from no particular study, but merely from the fact that he associates almost entirely with people entertaining similar notions, is hardly the sort of person to formulate an editorial policy which is fair to all classes in the community. Such publishers are honest enough, according to their lights. They are sincerely convinced that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a threat to civilization, that labor unions are works of the devil, and that the Dies Committee, of fragrant memory, practically saved the nation from Bolshevism. This narrowness is even more typical, by and large, of publishers who operate in small communities than of those in the great urban areas, atavistic as the latter sometimes are.

THE American Newspaper Publishers' Association bears some of the responsibility for the declining influence of our editorial pages. The systematic, and unsuccessful, campaign of its members in the courts during the 1930s to have the newspapers exempted from much of the social legislation enacted under the Roosevelt administration, on the ground that these laws interfered with freedom of the press, brought down upon the publishers, and their editors, charges of greed, arrogance, and hypocrisy. Some of these suits may have been legally well based, but a large element of the public gained the impression that the American press was invoking the First Amendment for selfish ends. That impression has not been eradicated.

If there were more publishers today like Joseph Pulitzer, the newspapers of the United States would stand higher in public esteem. No daily in modern American history is so sorely missed as his *New York World*. It



was as different from the vapid handbills which often pass for newspapers nowadays as can well be imagined. There were three major reasons for the superlative excellence of the *World*. First, Pulitzer was a journalistic genius, who was more interested in the editorial stand taken by his papers than he was in their balance sheets. Second, he gathered tremendously able men around him, and paid them well. Third, he required a promise from Frank Cobb, the *World's* great editor, that if the paper's duty to its readers ever conflicted with Pulitzer's extensive investments, Cobb would disregard the investments.

The result was one of history's finest examples of journalism. Furthermore, and this is a fact which many publishers might well ponder, the *World*, in its heyday, was enormously profitable. Its progressive, enlightened, and courageous policies strengthened its hold on the people, and made it an indispensable medium for advertisers. After Pulitzer's death, it maintained this popularity and prestige for a decade or more, but then Frank Cobb died, and the decline began. The *World* was never the same thereafter.

Instead of following the example of Pulitzer, who took the position that editorial brains ought to be secured first of all, and that they should be adequately compensated and permitted to function in the public interest, the typical American publisher proceeds on precisely the opposite theory. He considers the important part of the paper to be the business management, and is convinced that so long as high salaries and lavish expenditures are made available to that management, the editorial department can drag along under a schedule of too much work and too little pay. Of course, such a publisher sees that the editorials in his paper are "sound," which is to say that they conform to his own weird views of society, and are largely unreadable.

It should be obvious that an editorial page prepared under such handicaps is a page without influence. Dana, whose *New York Sun* was one of the best written and most original papers in our history, once wrote an associate on the staff: "Your articles have stirred up the animals, which you as well as I recognize as one of the great ends of life." That sentence should receive the attention of our latter-day publishers, since their great objective usually is never to stir up any animals at all.

What, indeed, does one find on the garden variety of American editorial page? For every *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *Washington Post*, *New York Herald Tribune* or *Louisville Courier-Journal* there are dozens of soporific sheets which hardly anybody could possibly read, except under protest. The editorials are flat, jejune, and without sparkle, either in the captions or the text. Rousing appeals for observance of National Cheese Week vie for public attention with stale exhortations on behalf of "free enterprise" or with the latest chimeras dire which the publisher has conjured up as threatening our existence from Washington.

AS an example of what may be the beginning of a trend, a newspaper with an old and honored name in American journalism is now carrying no editorials or hardly any, one day each week. The space is filled with reprint material. This paper was one of the most influential in its entire region a generation ago, but it had no comment whatever concerning President Roosevelt's epochal message in January on the "state of the union." Another important and highly prosperous journal performed such antics during the Roosevelt-Dewey campaign last year that its editorial page became positively ludicrous. Daily for two or three weeks following the Democratic National Convention it either published an entire editorial denouncing Sidney Hillman, or it succeeded in mentioning Hillman in derogatory fashion. From that time until election day, it swallowed all attacks on the CIO official with gusto, whether true or false, and regurgitated them editorially for the delectation of its readers. Like hundreds of other papers it ignored the clear and convincing refutations by several leading Roman Catholic journals of the charges that Hillman is a Communist, published after careful inquiry into his trips to and communications with Russia, and continued blithely to repeat these slanders. I hold no brief for Mr. Hillman; in fact, his arrogant declaration that he would stand for no Southerner as a Vice-Presidential nominee annoyed me acutely. But facts are facts.

Of course, Earl Browder's alignment with him in the Roosevelt camp brought a greatly intensified bombardment of the Democratic ticket from the editorial howitzers. So concentrated was this barrage, indeed, that a good many readers must have wondered a bit at times who was on that ticket. A man from Mars, perusing the fulminations of the typical American editor in the Autumn of 1944, might

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well have concluded that the Democrats had nominated Hillman and Browder instead of Roosevelt and Truman.

THE American people saw through this shoddy effort to magnify a labor leader and a genuine Communist out of all proportion to their importance, as was evidenced by the returns on election day. The degree of its shoddiness was revealed soon after the ballots were counted, when Mr. Roosevelt, the tool of the Kremlin and catspaw for Comrade Joe, named to key positions in the State Department a group of men who, for all their high abilities, might have been chosen by the United States Steel Corporation, J. P. Morgan, and Standard Oil. Since that time, a profound silence has settled over the editorial pages of the country with respect to Earl Browder. If, however, he supports the Democratic nominee in 1948, we may look for another series of shudders in the editorial sanctums. Furthermore, we may expect to be informed all over again in the next Presidential campaign that the Roosevelt policies were spawned in the diseased brains of crackpot professors, and the cartoonists will have another field day drawing the strabismic nitwit in the mortarboard labeled "New Deal"—all in the face of the fact that the New Deal has been adopted practically in toto by the last two Republican National Conventions and their candidates, and doubtless will be adopted all over again in 1948.

True, the New Deal is far from perfect, and it should be examined critically, and also caustically, upon all appropriate occasions. Such occasions arise with a fair degree of frequency. Yet the press, in its handling of this issue, has been erupting with yammering alarums week in and week out for some eight years, until the public has become surfeited. With nearly all the editorial emphasis on the failures of the administration, and hardly any on its successes, public impatience with such biased interpretation naturally is considerable.

This may have been one reason why Edward L. Bernays told the New York State Publishers' Association a few weeks ago that "the public does not accept the press now." Mr. Bernays can hardly have been unaware of such excrescences as the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst papers, but he obviously was taking in much wider territory, and referring to American newspapers in general. Very possibly he was conscious of the attitude exhibited so often on our editorial pages where economic issues are concerned, or where labor unions are involved, the sort of attitude which rightly regards John L. Lewis as a public menace, but which is unable to discern in Sewell Avery anything but a whole-souled patriot.

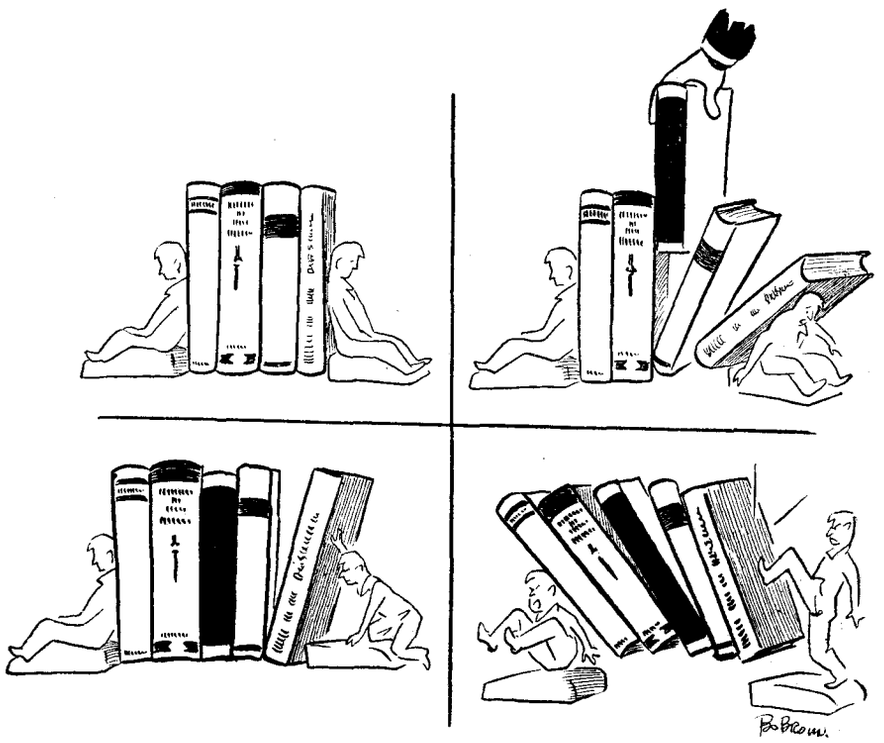
It should be noted, however, that the American press has become such a favorite whipping boy that some of the attacks upon it are unfair. President Roosevelt has been guilty more than once, and Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labor, actually charged the newspapers of this country late in 1944 with a major share of responsibility for the shell shortage on the Western Front!

In defending our press from the attacks which were made upon it following the November election, some of the apologists offered extraordinary arguments. One of the most frequent was that no newspaper wants to exercise a decisive influence in elections, anyway, and that when it has carefully weighed the issues and expressed its views, it is not concerned with whether those views are accepted. Poppycock! An editor who urges his readers to support Candidate A cannot possibly remain indifferent when he sees his advice totally disregarded, and his readers stampeding into the camp of Candidate B.

Furthermore, there is little validity in the argument that, because newspaper circulation is at an all-time high, the press never wielded such influence as it does today. With the greatest war in history thundering across the globe, it would be astounding, indeed, if circulations had not skyrocketed. Moreover, there is little necessary relationship between circulation and editorial influence. Millions who read newspapers for their news content, their columnists, their comic strips, or their beauty hints, seldom look at the editorials, and when they do, they accompany the operation with an imprecation or a yawn. No reasonable person expects an intelligent editor to produce an editorial page which will appeal primarily to rug-cutters and jive hounds, but it ought at least to be relished by the literate public. Altogether too often, it isn't.

What is to be done about this lamentable condition? First, the American editorial page must be dedicated to the welfare of all the people, not merely to the interests of one exclusive and fortunate class. A corollary is the need for a more enlightened and less obstructionist attitude on the part of most publishers. And there must be a renewed emphasis, too, upon the importance of the editorial page. More money will have to be spent on it, and more talent allotted to it. Then readers will turn to it in the expectation of being informed, stimulated, or amused, not in the confident knowledge that they will find there the same old sloppily-written pontifications, the same dreary and bumbling half-truths, the same pachydermatous attempts at humor, where there is any humor. The effective editorial page may be either liberal or conservative, but it should be put together with some consideration for style, it must be vigorous, independent and free, and its judgments must have perspective, while permeating the whole there must be a passionate concern for the truth. We aren't getting any such combination on most of our pages today. Unless and until we do get it, the decline in editorial influence, which already is disturbing, will continue. The ultimate results are not pleasant to contemplate.

Virginius Dabney is the editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.



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Expression of a Teacher's Faith

TEACHER IN AMERICA. By Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1945. 319 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

AN alternative title for Jacques Barzun's "Teacher in America" might have been "Religio Magistri"; it is a rare combination of autobiography, full learning, special wit, practical wisdom, and warm sympathy —skillfully welded together into a mature expression of a teacher's faith. Prof. Barzun is a teacher who can write and a writer who can teach; he has produced an authentic, original, and many-chambered work. I can think of no book quite like it.

In the first pages of "Teacher in America," Prof. Barzun makes it clear that he does not propose to discuss the abstract thing called Education, or drag another barrowful of sterile sand across *that* dreary Sahara. He decides to confine himself to the more tangible (though still sufficiently theoretic) subject-matter of Teaching. He is convinced that "brooding and wrangling about education is bad . . . The business of the parent and teacher is not education but Teaching." Education is "intangible, unpredictable," but "Teaching is something that can be provided for, changed, or stopped. (It) can be talked about simply and directly, for it concerns many matters of human knowledge that affect our lives, from the Three R's to electronics. To deal with it in this fashion is in fact what I am going to do in this book."

At first it seems to the reader a great pity that a man of Prof. Barzun's stature and experience should coolly renounce an opportunity to speak on the vaster theme of Education—especially at a time when the basic substance and processes of American education are so plainly in need of revaluation. One's initial disappointment is acute, even angry-making. I confess I had the feeling I was being fobbed off by a man who could speak well and boldly if he would. But before a writer is belabored for not writing a certain kind of book (the kind the reader wants him to) it is necessary to discover what kind of book he has written. Anyone who gives a reasonable amount of attention to "Teacher in America" will not depart unrewarded. For as things turn out, Prof. Barzun says a great deal that is permanent, valuable, caustic, and constructive about Teaching *and* Education—as well as the wider culture that begets and limits both.

"Teacher in America" has many potential uses. On the plane of practical utility it should be welcomed as a handbook by teachers of all grades and conditions; unquestionably it should help them solve the hourly problems arising in the classroom, at the conference table, and in their relations with colleagues, deans, and departmental heads. No slight help, this. From my own brief experience as a teacher I can say that Jacques Barzun is an oracle of inspiring good

sense when he comments on I.Q. tests, the importance of "marks," the false niceties of lecture-platform manners, and the ghastly inadequacy of teachers' pay. He advises a well-considered path in walking the extra-curricular mile with students; his pronouncements on the evil of over-familiarity with students are admirably just. Yet he reveals his real warmth and inextinguishable sympathy when he portrays the teacher's everlasting concern about the student who is failing in his studies because of emotional, social, or economic disturbances. A very wise contribution indeed, that chapter entitled "The Human Boy." And I particularly relished the shrewd cuts that Prof. Barzun takes at the frills, follies, and fallacies of much that fills college catalogues and the ears of the "culture" hungry public.

Whether he meant to or not, Prof. Barzun does finally indicate what he believes to be the good education. Himself the product of a classic discipline, how can he conceal his preference for the loaf on which he was fed? His chapter entitled "The Classics Off the Shelf" projects the positive idea that "great books, truly read" are the best and indeed the only salvation for our muddled times. Prolonged application to the "dense, thick, ugly" classics reveals them at last to be packed with "wit, knowledge, and beauty," indispensable bases of the good life.

Somehow Prof. Barzun manages to hint that the job of teaching young men is done just a little better at Columbia College than elsewhere in America. Loyalty and no doubt a touch of prejudice enter into his state of mind here. But having myself viewed the educational scene during the last quarter century—and having met many products of many colleges in that time —I feel obliged openly to support Prof. Barzun in his earned opinion that they order these things better on Morningside, and that the truest, most vital concepts of college education now operative in this country were generated by John Erskine and his colleagues during that famous Renaissance of Great Books which took place at Columbia during the early twenties. "Teacher in America" is a fine fruit of that movement.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT AUTHORS

This week's quiz consists of miscellaneous bits of information about famous authors. Allowing 10 points for each question correctly answered, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and better is excellent. Answers are on page 33.

1. All but one of these writers lived to be eighty: Thomas Carlye, Rudyard Kipling, John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, William Wordsworth.
2. One of these authors was never in prison: William Blake, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Francois Villon, Oscar Wilde.
3. The fame of all but one of these feminine novelists rests upon one book: Jane Austen, Emily Bonte, Margaret Mitchell, Olive Schreiner, Mary W. Shelley.
4. One of these countries produced the most Nobel Prize winners: England, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden.
5. All but one of these famous authors were closely related to another famous author: Charlotte Bronte, Robert Browning, Daphne DuMaurier, Edgar Allan Poe, Christina Rossetti.
6. One of these poets was not a soldier: Rupert Brooke, John Keats, Joyce Kilmer, Richard Lovelace, Alan Seegar.
7. Only one of these English authors was born in England: Conrad, Dickens, Goldsmith, Kipling, Stevenson, Swift, Thackeray, Wilde.
8. "T" stands for "Thomas" in all but one of these names: T. Campbell, T. Carlyle, T. Gray, T. Hardy, T. Hood, T. Moore, T. Paine, T. Smollett.
9. All but one of these authors were doctors: Lloyd Douglas, Conan Doyle, Oliver Goldsmith, John Keats, Francois Rabelais.
10. Only one of these authors was not famed as both poet and novelist: Goldsmith, Kipling, Lamb, Stevenson, Thackeray, Wilde.

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Probing the American Structure

DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESSURE. Special Interests vs. The Public Welfare. By Stuart Chase. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 1945. 142 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

THE spiritual mainspring of laissez-faire is the "Me First" principle. Its proponents assume that the more diligently a person pursues private gain the more definitely he contributes to public good. That idea worked tolerably well, if in hit-or-miss fashion, for some hundred years after the Industrial Revolution. During that period, the economy was virtually self-regulating. It was also composed of many small atomic units. Although a lot of them tried, few succeeded in getting big enough to control an important sector of the market. To be sure, the watchword was to buy cheap and sell dear. But a genuine free-for-all competition sufficed, on the whole, to prevent a single organization from becoming strong enough to suspend, for its own profit, the "natural" operation of supply and demand.

Today all this has changed. Trusts and mergers, monopolies and cartels, along with other aggregations of economic power, dominate the American scene. Whether in business, labor, or agriculture, they exert such force that, in serving their own narrow ends, they are in a very real sense "combinations in restraint of trade." Far more than the peacetime state, they interfere constantly with the way in which we earn our living and pay the grocer and the rent. Moreover, as Stuart Chase points out in his new book, the rise of Big Business, Big Unions, and Big Farmers has not only almost destroyed the free market, self-generating and self-disciplining, but also has fostered Big Government as the only entity able to cope with the conflicting claims of various pressure groups. What has happened is that instead of every man for himself, it is now every group for itself. In response to twentieth century conditions, we have developed a kind of organized narcissism, an economic bastard descended from the legitimate individualism of the eighteenth century.

The result is that public good is being increasingly subordinated to the gain and grab of pressure groups. They exemplify the murderous stupidity of clinging to standards appropriate to 1845 but anarchic for 1945 *et seq.* Unless they change their "let's get ours first" approach, and begin to act on the realization that we have become, in economic terms, our brothers' keepers, the dark disorders of the post-war period may spawn the man on horseback. This warning is the essence of Mr. Chase's incisive and engrossing little book.

He first of all demonstrates the intricate interrelatedness of our modern economy. He paraphrases Veblen to the effect that a high-energy set-up like ours is not only extremely productive but also extremely fragile. Nevertheless, "the pressure boys," says Mr. Chase, referring to the factotums of special interest, "act as if they had never heard of this state of affairs. . . . They think they can kick their way through the delicate veins, nerves, tendons of an interdependent community and get theirs."

From the 1870's forward the Big Business crowd have been getting theirs. They devised the Rockefeller rebate, the Chinese Wall type of tariff, the Pittsburgh-plus formula. They bought up new inventions and processes and put them on the shelf. They formed holding companies that left the consumer holding the bag. They cornered natural resources like copper, sulphur, bauxite. Above all else, they restricted output and kept prices high and rigid even in the face of declining demand. Their typical pressure groups are the National Association of Manufacturers (caponize collective bargaining); the Association of Life Insurance Presidents (cut social security payments); the Edison Electric Institute (stop public projects in electric light and power); the Steamship Owners Association (subsidize the merchants of the merchant marine); the Drug Institute (phoney pharmaceuticals don't poison too many people), and a long list of others similarly devoted to the beatitudes. Their lobbyists who are slick and expensive can whip up a storm of public protest over anything that might give the rest of us a break with the same ease that Hollywood technicians can whip up a snow storm. Both phenomena are equally authentic.

The Big Farmers have adopted the same essential procedures. The cotton cartel which chiefly benefits large-scale growers raids the U. S. Treasury under an arrangement by which the Government takes their losses but they pocket any and all profits. It's nice work if you can get it. The Farm Bureau Federation (Ed O'Neil's goblin for making Congressmen gibber) is the most effective pressure group in Washington, as Mr. Chase discloses. Exploiting the folk-lore that surrounds the thrifty toil-worn son of the soil, the Farm Bureau has sparked the drive for "parity" plus a twelve per cent bonus. In effect this means that food prices are fixed on a sky's

—*T. R. Carskadon*
Stuart Chase

the limit basis, while the magnates who own our factories in the field sow the grapes of wrath but reap gold. The small independent farmer and the farm laborer are ignored by the Farm Bureau, and sometimes actively opposed. The National Farmers Union which seeks to speak for them is coming along but has yet to acquire anything near the influence of the Farm Bureau, while the enfeebled Grange is notable mainly for the "socials" arranged by its local affiliates.

In no small degree what goes for Big Business and Big Farmers also goes for Big Unions. John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers are willing to puncture stabilization ceilings, and quicken inflation, and freeze people who rely on coal for heat if only the coal diggers get higher wages. Building trades unions thwart improvements in construction materials and methods (often in collusion with the contractors) and spurn labor-saving devices—*i.e.*, the Painters won't use spray guns. The Musicians Union in the person of the ineffable Petrillo extorts tribute from all forms of canned music.

It is true, of course, that there are pressure groups like the American Civil Liberties Union and the People's Lobby that are disinterested in their concern for the national welfare. But their impact is peripheral and meliorative; at best they strike glancing blows.

Meanwhile, in Big Government, only the Executive and the Supreme Court can be counted on to avoid the parochial view and to look out for the whole community. Congress remains a Balkan battleground where the warring factions, industrial, unionist, agricultural, deploy their forces. In this connection, Mr. Chase suggests that if the government structure frankly represented economic as well as geo

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graphic interests, the pressure groups would be less potent and the government more efficacious.

In appraising the hard, stubborn facts that the soft-minded like to evade, Mr. Chase has turned in a first-rate analysis of our major ailments, notably the effort to superimpose practices of scarcity on what is really an abundance economy. His treatment of remedies is necessarily meagre since to assess them in detail would have required a much longer book. However, merely to touch as he does on such possible "ways out" as regulation of lobbies, control of monopoly, and the like has a tantalizing effect and may leave some readers with a sense of having been somehow let down. It might have been better to have left the cures for the sixth and final volume to be called "Winning the Peace" in the series (of which the present work is the fourth), that Mr. Chase is doing for the Twentieth Century Fund. Yet for what it does accomplish, this book belongs in the library of every man of good will.

A Documented Imagination

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT. By A. L. Rowse. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 259 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE cynic has a cliche to the effect that the spread of information necessarily leads to the decay of learning. But in spite of his innuendo we are living in a time when everything connected with the mind thrives tropically. The sciences are obvious examples. Poetry, music, painting, whatever their eccentricities of theory and practice, are going great guns. But perhaps the field of history is being cultivated as well as any. It is a commonplace that Winston Churchill writes as well as he makes it. G. M. Trevelyan, Constance Wedgwood, S. E. Morison practise the art with grace, with humor, and with noble imagination. And there are dozens of younger writers who keep the magnificent pace.

Though his really charming book is "history at its ease," so to speak, a collection of lectures and reviews of almost studied informality, Mr. Rowse quite clearly is in the top flight of the writers of the new school. Certainly he had no difficulty in holding the interest or dispelling the congenital torpor of this reviewer. Naturally, the book has the desultory quality of any collection of fugitive pieces. But Mr. Rowse rightly claims a genuine unity for it, for, whatever his subject, what he calls the English spirit is never absent from his thought. He thinks the English spirit is the spirit of men in harmony with their physical and moral environment, for the most part, at any rate, at peace with themselves. And he makes the amusing point that "everything that England does not stand for" is suggested by the name Carlyle. This spirit, this inner harmony created their institutions which in turn increased the spirit. And it is what makes them such deadly enemies when their private satisfactions are interrupted by restless peoples full of anxieties and frustrations. From Mr. Rowse's standpoint, English history is a systematic account of the growth and development of this spirit. And in one way or another, explicitly or implicitly, most of the essays in this volume illustrate his idea.

Mr. Rowse is astonishingly learned, and not a bit ostentatious about it. All our literature and several others are at his finger tips. And to borrow from Johnson, the ignorant will read him with pleasure and the informed with advantage. He has a mind made for the delight of others and his book makes you want to chat with him in the common room of All Souls. The American reader will probably find the first essay, "Mr. Churchill and History," the most impressive. The Prime Minister's powers are, of course, gigantic, but beyond any doubt the reading and writing of history has done something to make those powers more effective. His rivals, like the unhappy Chamberlain who, as Mr. Rowse points out, had pretty much the same views as a prosperous merchant, cut sorry figures beside him. It seems sad that it is necessary to prove the case that educated statesmen enjoy many advantages over their more numerous competitors, especially when the going is tough.

Only a shade less exciting than this fascinating paper is the essay on "Elizabeth at Rycote," which illustrates aspects of the lady's character which I think Strachey, who seldom permitted evidence to interfere with his eccentric preconceptions, has successfully ignored. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, is never known to have mentioned her mother whether in speech or writing. But Lord Norris of Rycote enjoyed her favor as long as she lived. Lord Norris, as Mr. Rowse dramatically points out, was the son of Anne Boleyn's lover.

Mr. Rowse has in a high degree the gift of making persons who are mere names to most of us active and vital. Clarendon is of a sudden before us an actual man, pompous but desperately intelligent and philosophic enough to consider temperately outrageous insult put upon stainless loyalty. George Herbert becomes a credible saint in practice. Anyone who dips into the book will feel that he has seen new aspects of Thomas More, Erasmus, Pym, Hampden, Swift, Sarah Churchill, Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude. The sketches are all brief, sharp, and kind, very much in the English spirit.

For the most part the style, in the cant phrase, flows easily along and carries the reader with it. The worst thing you can say of the book is that here and there an unhandsome phrase drops from a hasty pen. "Scoriation" seems an odd word to find in a book from Oxford. This counterfeit coinage cannot be justified by etymology or usage and would have made sport royal for the *Times Literary Supplement* or the *Spectator,* if some American historian had inadvertently employed it.

But the flies are inconsiderable, given the quality of the amber. The reviewer is sorry that the book is so short. He is impressed by an imagination so well documented. He is even more impressed by a writer who, judging the present by the past, lifted up his voice against Lord Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain long before most people perceived the direction of their opportunism. To paraphrase Mr. Rowse, the idiotic commonplace that statesmen never learn anything from history is only true of those statesmen who never read it. Such statesmen have learned nothing from physics or economics either, or even from personal experience. It is to be hoped that one day they will be less numerous. And if anything can catalyze the slow process of their education, it is the great new school of historical writers, informed, readable, illuminating, in whose ranks Mr. Rowse is no inconsiderable figure.

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Educated Barbarians

C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

WRITING in *The Saturday Review of Literature* recently, Joseph A. Brandt, Director of the University of Chicago Press, made this significant statement: "Universities in this country got along pretty well without publishing divisions until the Germanic plan was brought over by Andrew D. White at Cornell. Thereafter, the European idea of a university as an institution dedicated to research and the dissemination of the results of research, in contradiction to the English idea of a university being a collection of colleges training undergraduates, began to prevail with increasing momentum. . . . It probably proves nothing that Europe, on which our system of modern universities is based, is in a period of hopeless collapse, with individual dignity at the lowest ebb in centuries, while England, with its archaic notions of universities, is still a bright star among democracies. Only time will tell in our own country whether we bet on the wrong horse."

The optimist may hope that we shall have the wisdom to develop in our own peculiar manner the best elements of the English and European university systems, but it can be urged without much exaggeration that we are actually in the process of rearing a new type of barbarian, educated to be sure, but without any roots. It may be true, as Harold J. Laski seems to believe, that we have reached the end of an age and that Russian communism represents the triumph of the common man's ideals, the first such triumph since the days of early Christianity, but, as Dean Inge points out, "The Christian Church was the last great creative achievement of the classical culture. It is neither Asiatic nor mediaeval in its essential character. It is not Asiatic; Christianity is the least Oriental of all the great religions. The Semites either shook it off and reverted to a Judaism purged of its Hellenic elements, or enrolled themselves with fervor under the banner of Islam, which Westcott called 'a petrified Judaism.' Christian missions have had no success in any Asiatic country. Nor is there anything specifically mediaeval about Catholicism. . . . Catholic Christianity is historically continuous with the old civilization, which indeed continued to live in this region after its other traditions and customs had been shattered. There are few other examples in history of so great a difference between appearance and reality. Outwardly, the continuity with Judaism seems to be unbroken, that with paganism to be broken. In reality, the opposite is the fact."

Cicero tells us that not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always a child, though in these days we might better say that the rootless youth is more likely to become a dangerous man. Matthew Arnold reminds us that the Bible, Homer, Shakespeare, Greek art remain the stars by which we may direct our course over stormy seas, but how vital are these studies today? Certainly, if the professional classicist is to be trusted, ancient Greece has virtually disappeared from our classrooms, a situation that must ultimately affect our civilization.

IT would be a bold man who attempted briefly to explain the decline of the Classics, and yet I believe that the central core can be laid bare. The reason for my assurance is that my professional and private life is cast in a world full, vitally full, of the Classics, but at the same time I cannot persuade myself that my community is radically different from other communities. Nevertheless, in normal times and even today, my classical colleagues and I have hundreds of students (without any curricular requirements); we are able to look beyond College Hill to the famous Classical High School, where Greek still flourishes; and on Sunday afternoons, once or twice a month, we can come together with the Amateurs of Ancient Greece, a sturdy body of 500 laymen.

The success of the Classics depends in large part, I am convinced, on the calibre of the men who are in control of our educational systems. Since it is well known that administrators and teachers do not generally love each other, it is natural to place the blame elsewhere, but the other side of the coin is that at my institution the Administration—from Faunce and Mead to Adams and Wriston—has eloquently supported the Classics.

So far as Brown University is concerned, continued importance of the Classics lies, it seems to me, in the faculty's wisdom in creating and maintaining a department that actually embraces classical civilization. As a result, the Brown undergraduate may study at his level the many sides of classical civilization, each complementing the other and completing the whole, so that he comes to his own period easily and naturally and, it is hoped, with an enthusiasm born of the knowledge that he has his feet on the ground. But in some institutions Greek and Roman history and art, for example, are taught in other departments by men whose chief interest and knowledge are often post-classical, and the subjects in any case tend to become poor relations, whereas a true classical department will not only raise the Classics to the standing of a vital study at college, but will challenge and appeal to students whose main interests lie elsewhere; in a word, the Classics will live in the curriculum.

The value of ancient Greece lies in a certain quality of mind, an insatiable love of knowledge combined with an eagerness to see things as they are and to see them whole and to explain rationally everything in heaven and earth. Mere facts, beautiful and important as they may be, can never take hold of men's minds as ancient Greece has done. And let us remember that the isolated farmer or the garage mechanic in a busy city can by the turn of a dial immediately become better informed on current events than any ancient Greek ever could, events, it should be emphasized, that are far more interesting to us than those of so many centuries ago. This is, however, a considerably different yardstick from the one used by the Greek, who placed man in the foreground and declared that he is the measure of all things. It was Greece that discovered man, just as Israel had God.

The pages of Thucydides, for example, are full of local events, but forever intertwined with them is the universal, for the ancient historian had the genius to reduce the actualities of life to their generic and hence their lasting patterns. Freedom, Justice, Truth, Reason, Beauty are eternal and yet not easily met. We have, by way of illustration, ancient Asia's gloomy vision of the world, lacking all humanity, and Egypt where interest centered on the dead. Reason and the spirit were long ago divorced in India, and during our own Middle Ages the best minds could debate how many angels

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might stand on the point of a needle, while today, in our rush to understand nature, we run the risk of dehumanizing the world.

Fortunately, the Greek speaks to those who approach him eagerly and humbly with a freshness and directness and clarity that spring from youthfulness, unencumbered as it is by detail and weighty tradition. Partly, though only partly, because of this we understand him instantly, as we cannot Dante or Chinese philosophy or Mayan art. We understand, too, because our ancestors of the Renaissance consciously and deliberately returned to ancient Greece, so that our civilization and ideals and political institutions are irrevocably based upon its.

To study ancient Greece is to liberate one's spirit and, because the comparative method has much to recommend it, it doubtless prepares one better for an understanding of the present than does a too great emphasis upon the modern state. It is true, moreover, that ancient Greek history has run its course, affording us a grand perspective, and that the Greek experience, richer and fuller than ours, is more beautifully and more clearly defined by its literature and art than is our own.

C. A. Robinson, Jr., is Classicist and Historian on the faculty of Brown University and author of "Ephemerides of Alexander's Expedition" and, with G. W. Botsford, of "Hellenic History."

The Cosmopolitan Anomaly

GERMANY'S STEPCHILDREN. By Solomon Liptzin. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. 1945. 298 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

AS long as there was a Ghetto in Germany, up to the end of the eighteenth century, the Jews were rather uniform: religious, very conservative, and either busy with the study of the Bible or engaged in moneylending. The scene changed with the fall of the Ghetto walls. The Jews became subject to various influences and soon equally conservative and openminded, religious and agnostic, warlike and pacifistic, dreamers and cunning princes of finance.

In his arresting book, "Germans and Jews," some years ago, Anton van Miller pointed at an ironical fact which completes this picture: Miller reminded the reader that the different political parties in pre-Hitler Germany—Conservatives and Communists, Liberals and Agrarians, Socialists and Democrats—had all been established by Jews. (The Catholic Party was left to the Germans.) Even the leader of the Stahlhelm, the nationalist military organization of pre-Hitler days, was a half-Jew: Colonel Duesterberg.

But whether the Jews were Conservatives or Communists, religious dreamers or warlike princes of finance, they wanted passionately to forget that they were not Germans. They had acquired certain characteristics of the majority to a much higher degree than other Jews anywhere else and some had become infected with the virus of certain German "character-diseases." Two souls were in their breasts: German and Jew. They loved Germany passionately and grieved under this love because it was rejected. In most other countries either the process of assimilation and adjustment of minorities, whenever desired, was welcomed, or the rejected minorities retreated and found their spiritual world in their own cultural past and present. In Germany however—a hundred and fifty, a hundred, fifty, and even twenty-five years before Hitler, the Jews again and again sacrificed all their intellectual efforts and their blood for a lost cause. They suffered a thousandfold.

Heine ultimately exclaimed: "May my right hand wither, if I forget thee, Jerusalem." Otto Weiniger, Stefan Zweig, Ernst Toller surrendered and committed suicide. Walther Rathenau and Gustav Landauer died on the battlefield of their struggles, killed by the Nazis. In recent years Zionists and Jewish National Humanists, looking for a new solution, reëxamined the position of the German Jews. It was too late.

Solomon Liptzin has now given us his story of this tragic duality in the biographies of more than a dozen German writers of Jewish origin. It is a source book of interest. He examines the thoughts and works of Rahel Varnhagen, Ludwig Boerne, Heinrich Heine, Theodor Herzl, Walther Rathenau, Jacob Wassermann, Arnold Zweig, Franz Werfel, and others. The first chapter is devoted to Rahel Varnhagen, whom Heine called "the most gifted woman of the Universe." She and others of her time thought they could become Germans through baptism. Many after her attempted it through nationalism, while later others tried to be both good Germans *and* good Jews, until Herzl's dream of a Jewish homeland in Palestine opened new vistas. It was too late. "In the 1940's the German-Jewish duality had become a problem of the past. The mirage that had dazzled Jewish eyes ever since the mid-eighteenth century had vanished. The Jewish renascence was in full swing."

The fate of "Germany's Stepchildren" is the more tragic because most Germans never realized how near the abyss was into which these Jews, and Germany with them, were soon to fall. Thomas Mann, as late as 1921, wrote to Jacob Wassermann: "Germany, at any rate, cosmopolitan in essence, receptive to all influences, ready to assimilate all forces, a nationality in which Northern heathendom and Southern longing are ever in conflict and in which the Western bourgeois approach and Eastern mysticism mingle—is this the soil in which the plant on anti-Semitism could ever take root?" (This after Germany had seen many centuries of Jewish pogroms, only twelve years before several million brownshirts called for Jewish blood on their knives.)

Mr. Liptzin, Chairman of the German Department of the College of the City of New York, tells us all this and as background a great part of Germany's cultural development in the last 150 years. He writes with expert skill and lucidity. One can only regret that he did not include the story of Moses Mendelssohn and Ferdinand Lassale who, no less than many others, reacted toward "the tragic duality: German and Jew." No thoughtful student of the German problem should miss reading and pondering over this soul-searching book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 569)

D. W. BROGAN:
THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

Over all discussions of Anglo-American relations there tends to hang a pall of well-meaning but disastrous tact; . . . not only a pall of tact, but there linger wisps of what once were truths but which are truths no longer.

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Strictly Personal

NOTES ON A VISIT TO YALTA

I WAS glad to see the name of Yalta leap into the headlines the other day. It stirred memories of a pleasant five-days' visit. And (a little smugly, perhaps) I felt a surge of pity for the Big Three—isn't that what they used to call Yale, Princeton, and Harvard?—weighted down with superhuman responsibilities, struggling desperately with the grim problems of war and peace; for nothing could have been more carefree and otiose than my own sojourn in Yalta.

This was back in the Spring of 1932, when Hitler was still looked upon as nothing more than a public nuisance and even the Russians, anxiously eyeing England and Japan as potential enemies, were inclined to ignore the German situation. With my fifteen-year-old son and my young Intourist guide, Ernest, I had made a long swing around European Russia, from Moscow to Gorki (formerly Nizhni-Novgorod), down the Volga to Stalingrad, then to Rostov-on-Don and across the North Caucasus to Baku on the Caspian Sea, then back through Trans-Caucasia, by way of Tiflis, to Batum on the Black Sea and from there, by steamer, to Yalta.

It was an exciting, fascinating journey, but very tiring, and when we saw Yalta's sunny, sheltered bay and the hills beyond, bright with lilacs and plum-blossoms and mimosa, we decided, without any discussion at all, that it would be a fine idea just to sit there for a few days and do nothing whatever. It meant dropping Sevastopol and the big new dam on the Dnieper from our itinerary, but that was a sacrifice we cheerfully made.

Not too many tourists found their way to Yalta. But Americans are popular everywhere in the Soviet Union, so we were received with cordiality and entertained as lavishly as the stringency of the times permitted, for it was a famine year in Russia. (The inhabitants, by the way, are not Russian, but are of Turkish extraction and, like most Mediterranean peoples, are pleasantly indolent.) We had a fine corner room with three balconies, in a hotel on the Lenin Embankment, overlooking the little harbor and the bathing-beach, where hundreds of sturdy Soviet citizens of both sexes were always to be seen, splashing about in the chilly water or lying, devoid of bathing-suits, on the rather shingly beach. The hotel chef, a man of years and dignity, formerly in the employ of a grand-duke, spared no effort to please us. But after two or three days we decided reluctantly that either the grand-duke had been no epicure or else the old man's art had deteriorated under the proletarian regime.

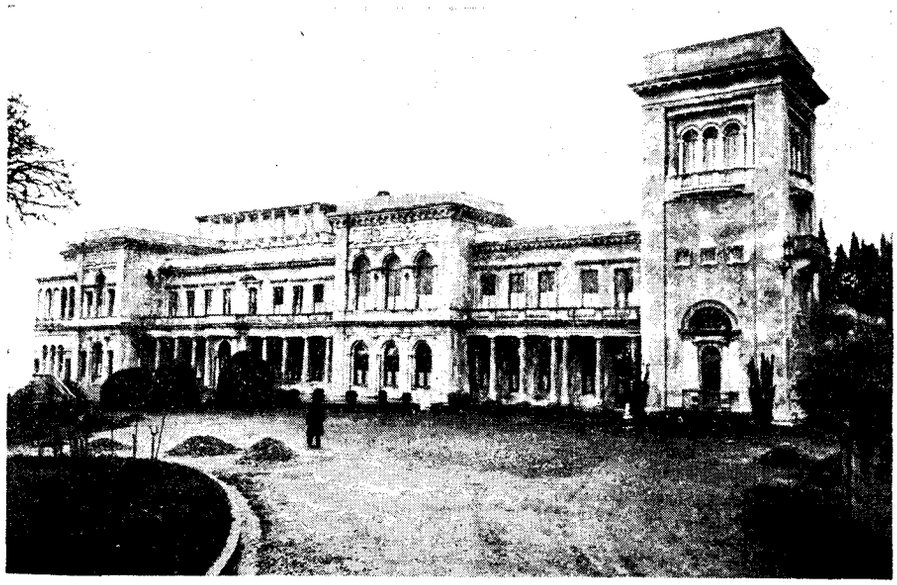
The stretch of coast on which Yalta lies is known as the Crimean Riviera and, indeed, it is very like the Côte d'Azur. There is a drive along the littoral that reminds one of the Grande Corniche and the little hill-towns are not unlike Vence or St. Paul, though they lack the Franco-Italian charm. A mountain, called Ai-Petri, dominates the region, and we drove and clambered to a ridge half-way up and still patchy with snow, for a fine sweeping view of the sea, the coast, Yalta, and the neighboring Livadia, whose palace housed the Big Three conference.

The country around Yalta was the playground of the Russian court. The whole coast is dotted with villas and palaces, matching in opulence those around Cannes and Antibes. (One of the Czar's neighbors at Livadia was Prince Yussupov, the executioner of Rasputin.) The imperial palace was built in 1911, for the hemophilic Czarevitch, who could not endure the clammy cold of the St. Petersburg winters. Though architecturally very dull, it is a solid and imposing structure, obviously built for the ages. The period of imperial occupancy, however, was brief, indeed—barely six years!

Incongruously enough, I came into possession of some of the objets d'art of the late Czar. It seems that, at the time of the Revolution, the more movable furnishings of the palace were stored away somewhere, as a precaution against looting. By the time I arrived upon the scene, fifteen years later, the Torgsin stores, anxious to exchange unwanted antiques for much needed foreign valuta, began digging out these objects and selling them to tourists. So that I acquired, not only some fine seventeenth century icons, but a pair of richly enamelled candlesticks—said to have been a gift to the Czar from the Shah of Persia—and a charming faience winepitcher, whose five handles converge to form the imperial crown. Every time I look at it, I reflect upon the mutability of sovereign power and the instability of the seats of the mighty.

BUT even more incongruous was the spectacle that greeted us on our visit to the palace—a sight that I wish the British and American conferees could have seen. The palace, like all the aristocratic houses in the region, had been converted into a "rest-home" or, as we should say, a vacation-resort. One villa was assigned to the railroad workers of Odessa, another to the post-office employees of Kiev, a third to the workers in the Putilov steel-mills of Leningrad. Here, all the workers in the particular group were sent in rotation, at Government expense, for a two- or four-weeks' annual holiday.

When we arrived at Livadia, it was noon, and the vacationists were at lunch. It was something to see! There must have been a thousand of them and for their accommodation trestle-tables had been set up, all over the



The Yalta Palace "though architecturally very dull is an imposing structure, obviously built for the ages."

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place: in the grandiose court-yards, among the massive pillars of the porticoes, in the lanes of the magnificent formal gardens. Inside the palace, it was the same. In all the lower rooms, groups of Soviet workers sat enjoying their noonday schi (the consonantal Russian designation for cabbage-soup). In the great dining-room, clustered on camp-chairs around the Czar's dining-table—at least thirty feet long and made of a single oaken plank—were a half-hundred husky men and women, unkempt, unshaven, some barefooted, most coatless and collarless, but all lusty, all gay, all having the time of their lives, enjoying the fruits of their revolution. It was not a beautiful sight, but it was an illuminating one, for it made visual for me what the Revolution meant for many people of Russia: peasants eating at the Czar's table! Whether you liked it or not, there it was.

I HAVE been wondering, too, whether Marshal Stalin took his guests for a visit to the famous wine-cellars at Massandra. I hope so, for the place is only a mile or so from Yalta, and they would have had a fine time there. The Crimean wines simulate, excellently, all the best European types (particularly the sweeter ones) and the visitor is invited to sample as many as he chooses—a convivial practice that makes for better international relations. During my own visit, after a look at the bottling plant and the great storage casks, I tasted (and here I have recourse to an old notebook) a white Burgundy type, three Muscats (white, pink and black), a Tokay, a Madeira, a port and a Chateau Yquem. At the conclusion of this ceremony, one is invited to record one's impression of Massandra, in a large volume, in which many world-famous names are appended to the encomia that the ritual tends to evoke. I remember that one Frenchman wrote: "The only place in the Soviet Union where it is possible to hesitate between the whites and the reds."

There is one other little incident that persists in my memory. The worried local Intourist manager (a nervous little man, in tight, striped trousers that did not quite reach the tops of his high shoes), lamenting the absence of factories for us to visit, begged us at least to take a look at a locally-celebrated waterfall. I have no great appetite for waterfalls, but to please him, I agreed to the excursion. The waterfall was pretty enough, but what interested me more was a group of fine, healthy schoolchildren, gathered about their teacher, who was haranguing and haranguing them. At length, I said to our guide (who, unlike any American Communist I have met, had a rich sense of humor): "Ernest, what on earth can he be telling them about that waterfall?" "Oh," replied Ernest, "he is probably explaining its historical importance: what it was before the Revolution and what now." We laughed and turned away, the teacher still going full blast.

That was thirteen years ago. Those boys and girls are in their twenties now. Some of them, no doubt, lie buried on Russian battlefields or in the rubble of Russian villages. Some, I hope, are on the road to Berlin. I wonder if any, performing their war-duties in their native Yalta, or invalided home, perhaps, caught a glimpse of the Big Three on the way to the imperial palace at Livadia, and seeing them, paused to wish that good-will and wisdom would preside over the deliberation and that peace would come, swiftly and enduringly.

ELMER RICE.

Remember, Under the Oaks—

By Christine Turner Curtis

REMEMBER, under the oaks
How gilded spokes
And saffron traceries
Barred the brown mat
Of crumpled leaves; as we sat
In tailor fashion, cups upon our knees,
Each with a sugared bun,
While buttery sun
Like lumps of toffee
Swam in our coffee!

Sometime, we said
We shall heap new bread
With honey in the Apennines;
Or we shall pare
Pink mangoes in a Spanish square;
Drink chocolate under dangling pepper vines;—
The small boy listened:
Bubbled his milk; his dark eyes lit and glistened.
Around us fall cicadas lisped
And the dry leaves for winter curled and crisped.

And in thee too, was preparing
The hibernation, the long faring;
In the abstraction of those luminous eyes
Whose blue, too-limpid glance
Held tincture of autumn as it slants
With chilling gold through the ravelled trees.
September in thee too
Made secret winnowing, to strew
Our ravished world, the boy's and mine,
With acorn cups and litter of the pine.

Italian Notes

TOMORROW WILL SING. By Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ELLIOTT ARNOLD'S novel of Italy today is shrouded everywhere in a sort of dream quality, as though in cotton batting. The sounds that come through are not the clear, direct notes of realism that Arnold may have intended to strike, but something else, the echoes of a consummation devoutly wished for and here prefigured in ideal form. Eddie Amato is an American flyer who is stationed in Foggia in a town very like Hersey's Adano (the parallel is inescapable) and proceeds, singlehanded, to reestablish Italo-American relationships and the return of democratic procedures. These he achieves by virtue of a trio of prodigious advantages: he is of Italian extraction and can talk intimately with the people, he is personally possessed of a nature that can be compared only with that of Galahad, and he is dealing with a body of Italian townsmen remarkably democratic in instinct and eloquent in expression. There is a fascist cousin, Ricardo, but Ricardo simply points up the fabulous ease of the story by his very presence; he fumes in vexation and destroys himself in ineffectuality. Amato solves all problems, reclaims his uncle Gennaro's farm, forms an agricultural commune, wins a beautiful girl, and has time (we must remember) to perform his duties as member of a bomber squadron. Compared with the experience of Eddie Amato, Major Joppolo's career at Adano seems now to have been a harsh and seamy thing.

It is the ease and the plastic smoothness of the tale which takes it out of the realm of contemporary reality, where it was conceived and should have rested. The newspapers have another side of the medal to show. The crowds that shouted in unison under Mussolini's balcony and in the squares were not made of lovers of liberty and private conscience; nor does the tossing of garlands about the heads of entering Yanks indicate a basic democratic bent of mind. There are enough dissension and backwash and crumbling in Italy to make a dozen strong novels, beside which Arnold's story will have to seem like a poetic and antique frieze, with his philosophic peasants ever noble, ever gesturing in graceful attitudes. Tomorrow may sing indeed, but we can't get to that except from today's strident key, and the modulations between will be harsh and torturesome.

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From Such Bitter Memories

POOR CHILD. By Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the story of a child's great need for security and affection, and of the pitiful and tragic lengths to which he went to establish himself in a household where he was neither understood nor loved. It is the story, too, of adult hypocrisy, and of a woman whose vanity fed on the love and admiration which her personal charm so easily won.

Twelve-year-old Martin Doyle was a ward of charity, a child of the New York slums, wearing the physical and mental scars of the night when he awoke to find his little sister with her throat cut and his mother leaning over him with the bloody knife which nearly ended his life before she ended her own. From such memories, bitter, frightened, shaken, he came to The Pleasaunce, a lovely and peaceful country home where Mrs. De Rendon, newly widowed, her little son John, her elderly uncle James, and Anna the old nurse lived in a sort of ivory tower seclusion. He came there through the recommendation of Mrs. Bacon, a truly revolting social worker who was also a social climber and a hanger-on of the beautiful and fascinating Constance de Rendon. Mrs. de Rendon's careless kindness, her lovely tenderness, meant nothing except that she could not bear to see anyone's feelings hurt; the gracious charm which she showered on everyone with whom she came in contact completely disguised her utter insincerity and her self-absorption.

Martin was at once her slave. He adored her, and he tried to persuade himself that her casual kindness meant that she really liked him and would let him stay. He bought her a little bottle of perfume with most of the allowance that she gave him for one week—she forgot about it the rest of the time—and though she told him she loved it and had used it he found it unopened in the trash pile. He made her a Christmas present and was transported to seventh heaven because she told him it was exactly what she wanted and how did he know it and he never made it all himself for her—and then he heard her using the same phrases to everyone else who gave her presents at the Christmas party. She called him "darling" and never thought of him when he was out of her sight, she made him all sorts of promises which she never kept, but he forgave her and believed her, and he tried desperately to convince himself that he really belonged and would not be sent back to the orphanage.

This latest novel of Anne Parrish's is a harrowing and dreadful story of the betrayal of a child, and it is written with deep insight and perception. Because of his insecurity and panic, Martin strove in all the wrong ways to ingratiate himself, he did not know what was wrong and he fought with all a child's pitiful weapons against terror and despair. Because his need was so great he was crafty and dissembling and arrogant, and his deliberately planned influence over little John whom he terrified and enslaved by telling him stories about the Thing which only he, Martin, could save him from, accidentally brought about the younger child's violent death. No one in the household knew Martin's part in it, and he stayed on, left in the care of a scheming housekeeper and butler and a corrupt chauffeur, old Anna having been ousted by this trio's machinations, while Mrs. de Rendon spent more and more time away from home and finally married for the second time. She did nothing about settling Martin's future, simply because she didn't like to make unpleasant decisions and it was easier just to let things go as they were. The story mounts in its crescendo of horror with the chauffeur's unnatural influence over the boy, but old Anna, who had been his only real friend, comes to take him away and the story ends on a note of hope and security.

—Leja Goreska

Anne Parrish

"Poor Child" is written with tenderness and sympathy and deep psychological insight. It will haunt the reader not so much for the tragic story it tells but for the subtlety of characterization, its merciless portrayal of an irresponsible vanity whose generosity and charm were merely the means for its own gratification, and which discarded everything that no longer flattered or interested it, whether it were a dress or a friend or a child's heart.

Dust of the Southwest Trails

HOME IN THE WEST. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

IT has always seemed instinctively clear to the artist in an alien world (alien in the sense that he stands, as Harvey Fergusson says he still stands today, "on the edge of some crowd or other, watching with eager curiosity some world to which I do not belong"), that he must describe it obliquely, in terms of poetic and fictitious symbol. He has generally written himself into novels and odes, and filtered his observation through a very personal lens, leaving the direct historical recounting of things to those who feel more solidly at home among them. In a way Mr. Fergusson is proving how true this oblique approach is for those who must use it, since he has tried very sincerely, in this book, to apply social and historical description to the question of his own origins, and done less with it than he wished.

The history of his family is unquestionably interesting and richly various. He spends a good deal of introductory writing on the separate careers of his two grandparents, one a German emigrant, the other a Southern planter, both aristocratic and resourceful in temperament, before he gets to his parents and his own childhood in Mexico. Yet this material, good in its own right, seems somehow irrelevant simply because it does not explain. Not all the lively accounts of adventure on the old Santa Fe Trail, nor all the history of Albuquerque politics will explain what this book was written to explain: who is Harvey Fergusson and what is he? He was not made in the fortunes of his family. The dust of Southwest trails did not fashion his maverick temperament. Just how the personality of the lonely writer is forged, in the midst of a populace from which he draws apart, to see and wonder, is the question posed and unanswered. Can it be the artist must fashion an alter ego before he can reveal himself?

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SRL-ANISFIELD-WOLF AWARDS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, sponsor of the Anisfield-Wolf awards for the best books on race relations, is pleased to announce that the $2000 prize will be divided this year between:

Gwethalyn Graham, for "Earth and High Heaven";
Gunnar Myrdal, for "An American Dilemma."

The Award Committee, consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, Henry Pratt Fairchild, and Ralph Linton, has issued the following statement in connection with the current selections:

"The level of competition this year was high, and the judges feel well satisfied to have been able to choose two such excellent books, one in the field of creative literature, and one in science.

"Miss Graham's novel is one of the most sensitive and penetrating studies of the social relations between Jews and Christians in a long established Anglo-Saxon community that has been written in our times. It is a study of prejudice encountered and prejudice overcome in the city of Montreal, where French Canadians, Scotch-English Canadians, and Jewish Canadians all come in contact in a social, intellectual, and business life in the city. Not only is this book an excellent study of Canadian racial relations, it is an admirable novel and must be thought of first of all for its brilliant pictures of personality and its excellent art, especially the art of dialogue. It is certainly one of the best novels to be written in Canada.

"'An American Dilemma,' by Gunnar Myrdal, is the most comprehensive and penetrating scholarly study of the Negro in the United States and the related problems that has yet been presented. As suggested by the subtitle, 'The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy,' the author faces squarely the conflict between 'The American Creed' of brotherhood, equality, and freedom and the actual practice of society in dealing with this important minority group. As a foreigner, the author brings a fresh and objective viewpoint to his task, but throughout the book he displays a shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the considerations and circumstances that affect the attitudes of various elements of the American public, and contribute to the creation of a genuine 'dilemma.' The study was carried out under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, and Professor Myrdal was assisted by an able staff."

Reviewing Miss Graham's book for *SRL* last October, Rosemary Carr Benét wrote that, although it was the work of a new writer, "it bears none of the marks of one. It is skillful, mature work. Miss Graham has a good ear for conversation, a true flair for dialogue, and a saving sense of humor even when she is serious. She can do a small social scene (as John Marquand can) so that it suddenly becomes pointed and unforgettable . . . Although Miss Graham writes about one of the burning questions of the day—race prejudice—and although the reader is never in doubt as to where her feelings lie, she is primarily interested in presenting a moving and human love story, and doing it with candor and humor."

Dr. Myrdal's prize-winning book was the subject of a leading essay last April in these pages by Robert S. Lynd, who called attention to the fact that the author had the coöperation of "virtually every authority" in the United States, both white and Negro, on the subject. This meant, Dr. Lynd added, that "in a very real sense the study is a joint product of all those people in the United States who care most about the intelligent solution of the Negro problem. Their 15,000 typewritten pages of detailed analysis supplemented Dr. Myrdal's own first-hand study and were in the end strained through the fine texture of his extraordinarily perceptive mind." Dr. Lynd also paid tribute to the two-volume work as the "most penetrating and important book on our contemporary American civilization that has been written. Here we Americans are revealed, clad in our patchwork 'American Way,' attempting to live along with the vast and ugly reality of what Dr. Myrdal calls our 'greatest failure'—the Negro problem."

The Anisfield Awards were established by Edith A. Wolf in memory of her father, John Anisfield, and are made yearly under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review*. Books that are offered as candidates for next year's awards should be sent (three copies of each) to Professor Henry P. Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, New York City. The name of the Awards has been changed this year to the Anisfield Wolf Awards, which will now commemorate both Mrs. Wolf's father, John Anisfield, and her late husband, Eugene P. Wolf.

Song for Daybreak

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

NAKED, at the edge of the world, out from hurricane clouds Joy is walking.
Stripped of her garments, clothed in her morning strength, serene and proud;
The fury of the storm retreats behind her; the forked lightnings of the night,
behind her head
Are tamed, they weaken, they are scattered.
Behind her head the day gathers, under a smouldering cloud.

Birds of the sharp wing flash about her and rise crying,
The wave at her feet lifts a crest to the new light.
She is walking, the wind circles her breast, rounds her knee, flattens
Her long thigh. She is walking with the stride of the free,
She is coming nearer, lone survivor of the disastrous night.

Wanderers in the dark, who peer through half-light, who hide in shelter,
Who whisper without hope; who stare inward with dull eyes;
Look, on this horizon fierce Joy is walking,
In her angry beauty, in primeval vigor,
Joy undefeated is walking toward you, under the awakening skies.

Go out to meet her on the hilltops, the shore's edge, in the clean morning.
Leave the valleys of weeping, desolation's ashes, the poisoned taste of wrong.
Gather your strength, for strength to shake encumbrances of love or weakness,
For strength to meet and stride in her long footstep, run with her sinewed feet,
to lift your throat in her compelling song.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How De We Know It's Right?

SIR: I have just come across the acknowledgment of an error to end all such acknowledgments. In Munsey's *Scrapbook* index to Vol. II [1906], I find the following:

ERRATA

In the September, 1906 *Scrapbook*, there is an unfortunate misspelling of a Greek word used to describe a dish compounded of various dainties of all sorts—fish, flesh, fowl, and sauces. A printer's error was responsible for the word appearing as:

Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphiokarabomelitokatakechumenokichlepikossuphophattoperisteralektruonoptokephalliokigklopeleiolagooosiraiobaphetraganopterugon.

The correct spelling, however, should have been:

Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphiokarabomelitokatakechumenokichlepikossuphophattoperisteralektruonoptokephalliokigklopeleiolagooosiraiobaphetraganopterugon.

After an apology to the readers, the magazine went on to describe the word as the longest in any language. Who am I to argue otherwise?

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

What, No Tauchnitz?

SIR: I think Mr. Cerf in his Trade Winds of January 27 has missed part of what caused Miss Ferber's thoughtfulness in the train and her indifference to the "beautiful Devon countryside." She had discovered that they had landed at Cherbourg and not at Plymouth. I will eat, leaf by leaf, all the publications of Random House and then edit a new series of Giants for him if Mr. Cerf, or any one else, ever saw a "substantial pile" of Tauchnitz volumes at a news stall in England. If by some odd freak of chance a number of travelers from the Continent to England had been mislaid at Plymouth: if all had bought "American Beauty": and if—*incredible dictu*—none had then cut or read the book, the Customs authorities might have piled them up as an example to smugglers. But not on a newsstall.

Unless a man is very obstinate, as on occasions I have been, and insists on his rights as a British subject, he has little chance of bringing even an opened copy of a Tauchnitz volume into England, unless he hides it. Each volume of that series has printed on it the statement "Not to be introduced into Great Britain."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

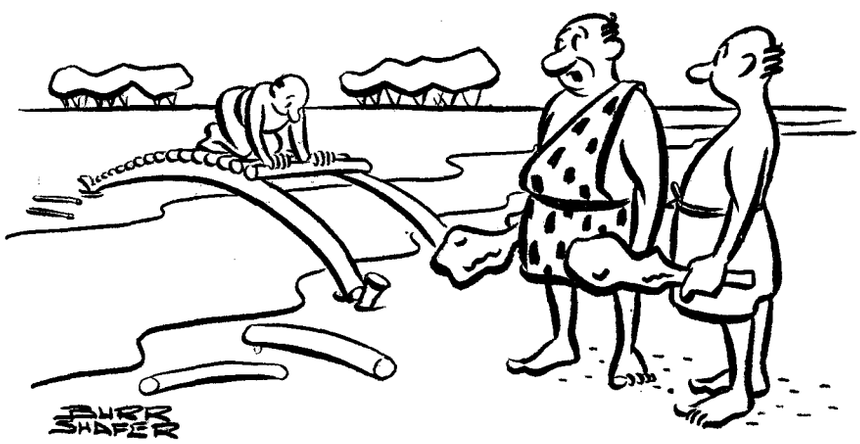
Carmel, California.

SIR: Your Trade Winds has dragged his anchor. He could not find a pile of Ferber novels in Tauchnitz editions on the news stall at Plymouth, or anywhere else in England. It was/is illegal to display or sell Tauchnitz in England. I've had customs men confiscate a copy now and then from my bag. The law, like all in England, is enforced. I disbelieved his statement, as I'd disbelieve his statement, if made, that the Book Clubs were displaying the sprightly "Autobiography of Fanny Hill" on the book stalls at the Pennsylvania or Central Station. Homer nods: sometimes snores.

A. SAVAGE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith



"It's utterly fantastic! Who ever heard of crossing a stream without getting your feet wet?"

What Can the Jew Do?

SIR: David Cohn's "What Can the Jew Do?" [*SRL*, Jan. 27] is a clear and forthright statement on anti-Semitism. I am indebted to him for a good many facts which I believe we can all make use of in talking with the genteel anti-Jews.

I wish it were possible for more people to read this. If you are making reprints of the article, I should be glad to send out about 200, or more, copies to persons of my acquaintance. I should think there might be subscribers in a great many towns who would do this.

HARRIET CULP.

Huntington, West Virginia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"What Can the Jew Do?" has broken all* SRL *records for letters from readers (about 95% pro, 5% con); for purchases of extra copies by subscribers, and for reprint permissions. Authorizations for reprints to date indicate that Mr. Cohn's article will have a readership of at least two million.*

SIR: David Cohn's splendid article, "What Can the Jew Do?," struck a responsive chord in this Gentile reader. Of late, I have frequently asked myself, "What should I do if I were a Jew?" Mr. Cohn's answer to his question is the right and dignified one. It seems to me that more Gentiles should ask themselves my question. Then perhaps they would undertake some sort of constructive measure.

One method, of course, is that of indignant refutation, such as I have practised for years. But one is thereupon branded a crank, and the results are negligible. We need, not a few ardent street-fighters, but a disciplined army to educate thoughtful, intelligent American adults. When even on the staff of every American college the genteel anti-Semite flourishes, what we need is education from the top down! If such an undemocratic attitude can be made to seem the hall mark of only the ignorant and illiterate, perhaps the snob value of the open mind and brotherly understanding would appeal to these genteel anti-Semites. And so, whatever program we adopt, let us begin at the top. After all, even Christianity has been made to seem a desirable belief!

DOROTHY W. GOODFELLOW.

SIR: I have read your scholarly question in *SRL*, "What Can the Jew Do?" I believe I can answer at least part of your searching of the Jewish soul.

In the early nineteenth century, when the solid Dutch citizens of New York began to prosper over their neighbors in Boston and Philadelphia, there descended on them from New England another race, "hated, feared, and despised" . . . the Yankee. There ensued an era of fiercest competition, economic, social, and political. To the Knickerbocker this Yankee interloper was a sly, scheming, unprincipled rascal . . . a liar, a boaster, a hypocrite; his ideas of honesty entirely foreign, his social manners and personal habits a matter for disgust. He was charged with willingness to work harder, for longer hours and for less pay; and wherever he gained a foothold he not

(Continued on page 27)

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TRADE Winds

ALWAYS WELCOME to Trade Winds is a contribution from my distinguished predecessor on this post:

QUERCUS, SOLILOQUIZING ON BOOK MERCHANDISING

Sentimental
Is good for rental
If not too gentle.

Sardonic
Is tonic
If not too chronic.

Cohabitation
Sells by acclamation.

The Western still packs
A punch, and sells in stacks
Helping soldiers relax.

Stories of crime
Sell all the time
But the output of punk detective
Needs a W.P.B. directive.

Plenty of paramours
Reprint assures.

Politics and economics
Will never sell like comics
Unless by Lippmann and Gunther
Or some other Book-of-the-Monther.

Max Beerbohm and Virginia Woolf
You can put on the top shelf.
Books like his and hers
Are only for connoisseurs.

The Book Trade is just as malarkey
As any other oligarchy;
In spite of which, it sometimes happens
Books are weapons.

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Quercus, who, of course, is Chris Morley, has just contributed a foreword to the bumper volume of some of his favorite pieces, published at a ridiculously low price by World under the title of "Morley's Variety." Therein he tells of the day Joseph Conrad came to America and was interviewed aboard ship. A reporter asked him which of his own books he liked best. He replied, "It depends on the day." So *The New York Times* came out with a story in which it was said, "Mr. Conrad's favorite of his own works is 'It Depends on the Day.'" If you don't believe it, adds Mr. M., you can check it in the files, about May 2, 1933. . . .

RAY VIR DEN introduced Waverly Root at a Dutch Treat luncheon with a rib at his old friend Whitney Darrow of Scribner's: "I see they're charging ten dollars for Root's 'Secret History of the War.' I guess they want to keep the secret." (The book is in two hefty volumes, and the price is very reasonable under present conditions.) . . . Witter Bynner's new translation of Laotse's "Book of Tao" is now available. Lin Yutang calls this Chinese classic "the one book in Oriental literature that should be read above all others." . . . Good spy stuff: "Green Hazard" by the Manning Coles who wrote "Toast to Tomorrow." . . . Lynn Carrick, after two years of active service as Captain in the Marine Corps, is back at his post of Director of the New York office of Lippincott's. . . . Louis MacNeice's new volume of poetry, "Springboard," is announced for late spring. . . . Irwin Edman heard this one the other day: "'My word!', said the Lord as he looked into a copy of the Bible." . . . Nostalgic New Yorkers are in for a feast when Messner publishes Charley Towne's "So Far So Good" in April. By sheer coincidence, Morris Ernst had chosen precisely the same title for *his* autobiography, announced by Harper's for April 25. Typical Manhattanite Ernst (born in Alabama) yielded to typical Manhattanite Towne (born in Kentucky). The Ernst book will be called "The Best Is Yet." It is headed for big sales. . . .

BACK IN MANHATTAN are Mabel Dodge Luhan and her impressive Indian husband, Tony, and here they will remain until she has finished her first novel and delivered it to Harrison Smith for Smith and Durrell. It's about the quest

of three young soldiers for a new kind of life after their return from service, and it should surprise no one to hear that they wind up in Taos where, like Mabel Luhan, they find tranquillity and satisfaction. Mrs. Luhan is just as affable and loquacious as when her salons were the talk of the town, but Hal Smith has experienced some difficulty in provoking Tony into a mood of gay, irresponsible banter. "I say, 'How are you, Tony?'," complains Mr. Smith, "and he ponders the question several minutes before answering. It's like talking to a bronze statue. He's somewhat shattering to us monkey-like descendants of Europe who chatter and wriggle around on our behinds and don't expect answers to silly questions." . . .

THE LITERARY GUILD selection for March is Booth Tarkington's "Image of Josephine," for April, Margaret Irwin's new novel, "Young Bess," a story of Elizabeth before she became Queen of England. . . . The April choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club is Rosamond Lehmann's "The Ballad and the Source." This is the third time Miss Lehmann has hit the jackpot. "Dusty Answer" was a 1927 selection and "Invitation to the Waltz" was accepted in 1932. Miss Lehmann is a cousin of the playwright, Owen Davis. She was born in London, still lives there, and, so far as can be discovered, has never visited America. Judging by her photograph, that is distinctly America's loss. . . . The name of Sinclair Lewis's new novel is "Cass Timberlane." It will be serialized in *Cosmopolitan,* and published by Random House on October 3. The subtitle is "A Novel About Husbands and Wives," and, in my opinion, it is "Red" Lewis's finest, most heart-warming book since "Arrowsmith." . . . Sally Benson and Bill Maxwell have adapted Louisa May Alcott's "Eight Cousins" for a Broadway musical, with Jerome Kern contributing the score. For every cousin there are two producers waving certified checks. Probable winner: Leland Hayward. . . . Weldon Melick co-author with Ezra Stone of "Coming, Major!", a story of Army theatricals recently published by Lippincott, had hair-tearing visions of a libel suit when he was proofreading the manuscript of the book and came on a reference to "Jiggy Robin's insane son." The printer had left off a "g." . . .

JACK DOUGLAS, Hollywood scripter, declares that between the halves of the last Rose Bowl game, his uncle walked to the middle of the field, looked over the 90,000 fans packed into the stadium, pulled out a gun, and snapped "Don't nobody move—this is a stick-up." "He didn't get away with it," adds Erskine Johnson, "but he

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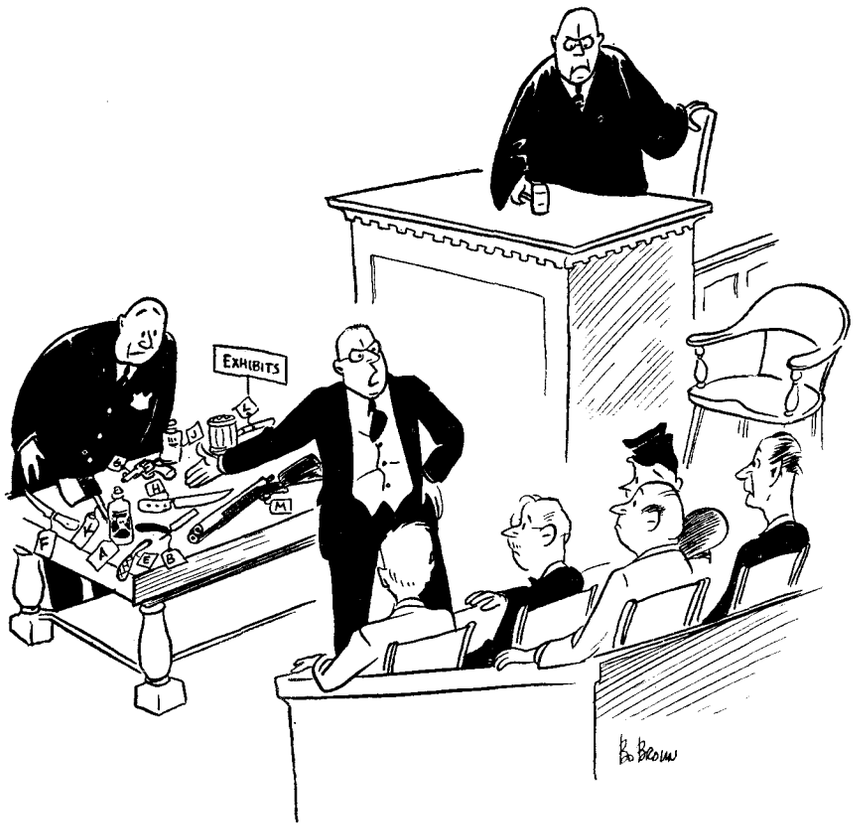

"Come, come, now—who had Exhibit 'C' last?"

was named Crook-of-the-Month and was written into a Nazi spy drama the same evening." . . . Another current filmland gag concerns the difference between Jolson, Cantor, and Jessel. Jolson, it goes, has six million dollars and is worried he'll lose it. Cantor hasn't six million and is afraid he won't get it. Jessel is afraid Cantor will. . . . Melvyn Douglas took his twelve-year-old daughter to the movies. Suddenly he noticed she was chewing gum. "Where'd you get the gum?" he asked. "Under the seat," replied Miss Douglas. . . . An RKO studio official, checking office life insurance applications, came across one in which an employee named his girl friend beneficiary, and then filled out the space headed "Relationship to you" with the word "Nice." . . . A famous comedian held up a picture for three days because of a "persistent cough." "Listen," the director shouted over the phone. "There are just two kinds of coughs: drunken and the one you haven't got." . . . But don't get me wrong. Sid Skolsky loves Hollywood. And so do I. . . .

JUST BEFORE Rex Stout departed for overseas, two bobby-soxers stopped to admire him outside the Writers' War Board office. "If only he didn't wear that beard," lamented one. "It makes him look so effeminate." . . . Fred Wakeman's novel, "Shore Leave," has been made into a play called "The Lovely Leave." Mark Hanna, shrewd agent of Quentin Reynolds and Anita Colby, is co-producer with John Moses. . . . Edith Gwynn uncovered a move in Chicago to name the new municipal airport after America's highest ranking general. Col. McCormick is said to have plotted an enthusiastic endorsement on his editorial page until he realized with a sharp stab of horror that that would mean calling the airport Marshall Field! . . . The University of Chicago Press, incidentally, announces an April publication date for Marshall Field's first book, "Freedom Is More Than a Word." It is a frank statement of his beliefs and how he is putting them into action. . . . My uncle Herbert from Vermont threatens to set the field mice onto his tomcat Richard if he hears of one more publisher turning author. . . .

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE asked an Oregon graduate to give a neighboring applicant for admission the required intelligence test, and added that a five dollar honorarium was customary in such circumstances. The graduate mailed in the completed test form, along with her check for five dollars! . . . Somebody once defined "honorarium" as a "twenty-dollar word designed to dress up a ten-dollar editorial fee." . . . The Woodward and Lothrop Book Department is still buzzing delightedly over a customer who demanded "The Autobiography of Stevedore Dali."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IN UNCERTAIN TIMES like these, pessimists are apt to wag the ominous finger of history at you, saying that a verbal contract is not worth the paper it is written on. But if you will look at the jacket back ad of STEPHEN BONSAL'S WHEN THE FRENCH WERE HERE, you will see that this book more than adequately fulfills the pact between the illustrious BONSAL and CLEMENCEAU, a pact to retrace the steps of the French from Newport to Yorktown.

Travelled as Americans today are, we are apt to think of the French as a nation of peasants. Conversely, BONSAL tells us that the Chevalier de Chastellux once appeared on a balcony and addressed his American audience as "my good peasants." Travelled as are the Americans who made up our Second Front landing on D-Day, we are apt not to recall that the second front of Revolutionary days was a French front. We have twice played a return engagement in Brest, from where the French sailed.

The scene of our soldiers enjoying the fabulousness of Paris is the French repayment for the fabulousness of their sojourn in Newport. If the Paris of today is less sumptuous than the Paris of 1775, so is the Newport of today. Ballrooms, continuous dancing, pergolas, pointless game and pointless poultry, all charmed the charming French. While they helped us fight for Liberté and Egalité, there was great Fraternité. BONSAL cites the reception ball for Washington in Newport, where the Commander-in-Chief danced with Miss Margaret Champlain. "Asked to call the tune, Washington deferred to his beautiful partner. 'A Successful Campaign!' she cried, and Rochambeau and his aides took the instruments from the musicians and played that popular, and in this instance, prophetic dance measure."

This remarkably readable documentation of the first crisis in our history is also a remarkable commentary on mutual indebtedness which brings to light the charm and color of the French of American revolutionary days as our soldiers are revealing in their letters the charm and color of a France in these days of liberation.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

MR. DISNEY'S CABALLEROS*

IN a melancholy moment Maxwell Anderson once insisted that the rats shall inherit the earth. Perhaps they will. Another total war, and Mr. Anderson's may yet be the doubtful pleasure of finding himself correct.

Even when Mr. Anderson aired his despair, the rodents had already begun their push to power. In a small way, you might say, but more triumphantly than is the lot of most conquerors. At least one mouse, Mickey by name, had long since increased the happiness of mankind by claiming the world as his inheritance. Nor is the redoubtable Mickey the only Walt Disney character to have inherited the earth.

Pluto, Donald Duck, the Three Little Pigs, the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio, Monstro, Stromboli, Dumbo, Bambi, and Thumper—these are some of the Disney creations that, man and beast, though mainly beast, have won empires for themselves more extensive than Alexander or Napoleon carved. More extensive, too, than the warlords of Germany and Japan dreamed of winning, at least from one global conflict.

To borrow a phrase from a witch Mr. Disney did not draw, no man of woman born possesses features today more widely familiar than those of Mr. Disney's better-known figures. Although Hitler may have more haters than the Big Bad Wolf, surely Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are as readily identified by their admirers the globe over as are Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt, and Uncle Joe. The likenesses of Abraham Lincoln, Shakespeare, and George Washington are not more universally recognized than this rodent and this drake.

Were they to appear together in the same command car, no generals—not even Eisenhower, Montgomery, and MacArthur—would be more quickly spotted than Dumbo or the Seven Dwarfs. Certainly no stars who live in Hollywood have as many admirers of all ages as have these creatures who have lived only in Mr. Disney's cartoons. The truth is that neither Hecuba, who numbered some illustrious children among her fifty sons and fifty daughters; nor "Madame Mère," who produced a litter of bogus crowned heads; nor Queen Victoria, who supplied "sitters" for a goodly number of European thrones, can claim in their mass production of the prominent to have given birth to progeny more famous as a group than Mr. Disney has done.

His record is extraordinary. He has conquered our world by creating a world of his own. Although it is fish, flesh, and fowl, it is above all pure Disney, when it is at its engaging best. It is a violent, rough-and-tumble world, as cruel as it is cute. In it animals become persons not for the sake of pointing a moral as they do in Aesop, but for the sheer joy with which they can inflict pain, or for the hilarious miracle of their ability to survive it.

IN his earlier, shorter, less pretentious efforts, Mr. Disney's was a universe in which Thornton Burgess characters bobbed up as pie-throwers in a Keystone comedy. They romped and bopped. They fell and spread. Their eyes were crossed under the impact of furious blows. Their bodies were sent hurtling through brick walls. Or they were dropped from the clouds on to the sharp points of steeples. Their noses or bills were caught in closing doors. They suffered all the physical indignities that only Mr. Disney's ebullient ingenuity could contrive. But no matter how frenetic their punishment, they always came back for more.

They lived in a world of unuttered "Whams" and "Socks," of "Bangs," "Slams," "Whews," "Zowies," and "Keflops." It was a world rejoicing in the frank brutality of the comic strips, where the harder they fall, the bigger the laughs are supposed to be. A major difference was, however, that Mr. Disney's world was as funny as the funny papers most notoriously are not. Plainly Mr. Disney had raided the ark for small fry, and come back with specimens who at bottom were the Katzenjammer Kids. I say "at bottom" rather than "at heart" because they had no hearts, and their bottoms were only one of their many target areas.

The fact that these creatures were human made them—and us—the more inhuman. Their sufferings were offered gaily, and gladly accepted, as our fun. Had they been real dogs, birds, or mice, the SPCA would have had Mr. Disney behind the bars these many years.

"Being a Disney product, the picture has its wonderful touches."

But they were not real. That was why they were bearable. That was why they were delectable. That was why they were uproarious. That was their release and ours. They lived in a Utopia of physical violence, like that Utopia of gallantry which Charles Lamb contended put the Restoration comedies safely beyond the moral laws. In Mr. Disney's Utopia, however, bad manners, not good, were perfect freedom. And each child saw with rapture a realm blissfully beyond his nurse's restraining hand, and each grown-up entered with relief an unpoliced paradise where animals, masquerading as people, were honest enough to remain animals.

As animals Mr. Disney's creations could take what men could not. As cartoons they could survive what the sturdiest animal could not hope to endure. Their unreality meant that, though battered again and again, they were beyond pain. If they were beyond pain, there was no reason why laughter should be beyond us. They appealed irresistibly to what is childish in adults and adult in children. Accordingly, we did laugh. Regardless of our ages, we laughed long and gratefully, and the grown-ups in his audiences saluted Mr. Disney as the genius he unquestionably is. He had done more than animate cartoons: he had animated the world.

There were those, however, who, though they never denied his artistry, said they were shocked by his relish of the savage. Being more civilized, and far less energetic than their children, these Timid Souls were horrified to find nursery figures always socking one another in bouts beside which the Golden Gloves were mild.

These rueful laughers had forgotten, as Mr. Disney had not, that most children are happy barbarians who, though

*THE THREE CABALLEROS, a feature-length film, with actors and animated characters, produced by Walt Disney; production, supervision, and direction by Norman Ferguson; music direction by Charles Wolcott; sequence direction by Clyde Geronimi, Jack Kinney, and Bill Roberts; story by Ernest Terrazzas, Ted Sears, Bill Roberts, etc., etc. At the Globe.

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easily frightened by what may befall them, enjoy the hurly-burly of violent action, especially when far-away figures indulge in it, because pain is one of the few things their inexperience makes it impossible for them to imagine.

Among those most violent on the subject of Mr. Disney's violence was Miss Dorothy Thompson. Once upon a time, and quite unfairly I think, she went so far as to accuse him of being an unconscious fascist because of his absorption with the terrifying and the brutal. But Miss Thompson's attack was to come later; much later.

It was to come when Mr. Disney and his studios had embarked upon their longer, more ambitious pictures. It was to come when he and his fellow-workers had turned from their buoyant "shorts" and were already testing their talents on such of the more challenging long Disneys as "Snow White," "Pinocchio," "Dumbo," "Bambi," "Fantasia," and their most recent effort, "The Three Caballeros."

It was inevitable that Mr. Disney should have tired of the slap-happy shorts. Superior as they were, he was artist enough to feel superior to them. He could not be expected to stand still. As if in life or the arts anyone can! In either, standing still is one sure way of going backwards. Mr. Disney was eager, and equipped, to go forward.

To do this, at the outset he abandoned the funny papers for fairy tales. And, in spite of the shortcomings of this or that movie, he was so successful in possessing the stories he retold that, for contemporary children, he had soon replaced Mother Goose, Hans Christian Andersen, and Grimm. What with his books, his records, his gadgets, and his toys, no less than with his films, there was scarcely a nursery he had not invaded or a small mind he did not occupy. Only Santa Claus was such a figure in the average modern home as Mr. Disney, and he kept Santa Claus working overtime for him. Almost all children, and grown-ups, were babes in Mr. Disney's toyland.

As his films grew in length, ambition, imagination, and technical wizardry, certain defects in Mr. Disney's work became increasingly clear. "Snow White" ran up the initial warnings. So glorious in its dwarfs and animals, it was disappointing in its Snow White and its Prince Charming. He was a vacuum in costume; she a maiden with a face as empty as a glycerine tear. Both of these "straight" characters indicated that, though Mr. Disney was a master of the grotesque, he was to have his difficulties with the normal; above all with human beings.

The Witch in "Snow White" presented other problems. In the excess of the terror she created she made clear that Mr. Disney as a teller of fairy tales was having audience trouble; that he could not quite make up his mind whether he was appealing to the young or the old; and that he was trying both to have his cake and eat it. It was because of his uncertainty that one began even then to be not so much surprised by Mr. Disney's wavering taste as to be appalled by the speed with which it could shuttle from the exquisite to the wretched.

The Pleasure Island sequences in "Pinocchio" once again betrayed his fondness for the macabre, even as the Blue Fairy revealed his surrender to the sentimental. But here, as in "Bambi" and "Dumbo," indeed as in all of his major works, there were a hundred moments one prized to make up for the few one regretted.

"Fantasia" marked a new high and a new low in Disneyana. Its initial ab-

SCREEN

Yes!
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LEAH..
her beauty was a
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THE SIGN of the RAM
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THE BLAKISTON COMPANY
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Margaret Ferguson
THE SIGN OF THE RAM

stractions were superbly imaginative experiments in an art form which is the camera's and only the camera's. Even in its prehistoric interlude it continued to prove once again (as if it needed proving) that Disney is one of the great original talents of our time, possessed of a genius for fantasy, for humor, and for the grotesque as blessed as the quality of mercy.

But the taste manifested by Mr. Disney in "Fantasia" ran on about as straight a line as a roller coaster. Certainly few descents have been as rapid or as catastrophic as was the one in the final stanzas when he visualized Schubert's "Ave Maria" in terms of the most cloying Christmas cards.

I did not see "Saludos Amigos," and with it as the missing link I was perhaps the more surprised to discover how disquietingly bad, how violently inartistic, how cheaply Hollywood, are the bad features of "The Three Caballeros." The picture has its wonderful touches. Being a Disney product, it could not fail to have them. The penguin who introduces it is a fine Disney creation. But from the moment Mr. Disney reaches South America he loses his way. Although as an Ambassador of Good Will he succeeds, the portfolio he carries turns out to be a strange grab-bag.

What Mr. Disney offers in "The Three Caballeros" is a travelogue far lovelier in its shots than most, but a travelogue which, in spite of all its sound and fury, he fails to animate. His three hard-working guides on this South American tour are Donald Duck, who has now turned up as what *Newsweek* correctly calls a "web-footed wolf"; Joe Carioca, the parrot: and Panchito, a scraggly rooster. They huff and they puff when they finally get together, yet these three musketeers never equal the Big Bad Wolf, or the Three Little Pigs for that matter. The backgrounds against which they move are lovely enough to make Burton Holmes envious, but the Walt Disney who proves himself to be a Good Neighbor also shows himself to be a poor artist.

Even in this formless travelogue, there are those wonderful moments which Disney alone can provide. He and his fellow-artists are not only proud masters of a medium; they are tireless innovators. This time, however, they seem to have set out on a journey without knowing where they were going. Remembering the beauty, the gaiety, and the imagination of some of their sequences, it is impossible to understand why Mr. Disney and his staff should ever have sent their caballeros on that magic serapi ride across a beach full of bathing beauties. Or why they should have tried to mix human beings who are only real with drawn figures who are pure fantasy. Compared to this unhappy mixture, the home life of bromo and seltzer is bliss itself.

Perhaps Mr. Disney's present difficulties are understandable. He is an artist who, having won his offensive victories early in his career, now finds himself on the defensive. And in art, regardless of what may be true in military science, the defensive position is always the more difficult. It is the cruel penalty an artist must invariably pay for success. Reputations, alas, are not to have and to hold. Their winning is one thing; their holding another; their losing easiest of all.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Edge of Night

Jerrold Grimes

WITH shadow over shadow night comes on
Along the shadow-ended river road.
Coolness of water clings among the grasses.
Nearby, wide river fields grow deep with dark,
Yielding their fading colors one by one
Until the river and the road are lost
Into the cool blue gloom of waiting earth.
Only a pale wind-clouded sky withholds
The look of day above the valley's dusk.

Deeply the shadows blend and disappear,
Hiding the valley in the drifting dark.
Soon all of night will overwhelm the earth.
Only a high horizon ridged with trees
Holds fast the yellowed memory of day,
Still clear with beauty's last long strength to stay.

Sunless, moonless, without the earliest star,
Over the valley's shoulder day looks back,
Brooding alone along the night-blue edge,
Leaving the night to whom the night belongs.

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Out of the Darkness

THE HIDEOUT. By Egon Hostovsky. New York: Random House. 1945. 112 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THOMAS G. MASARYK, President-Liberator of Czechoslovakia, a passionate reader of all sorts of creative literature and a great dabster at American, English, German, Russian, and French literature, once remarked that an author writing in the language of a small people has to work twice as hard as a member of a big nation in order to earn his livelihood and to get some recognition abroad. "Only think of the fact," he added, "that every fairly well educated Czech or Slovak simply has to learn at least two foreign languages. Imagine what this means in terms of time and work. Writers of the big nations are luckier. They are born, so to speak, with the golden key to the wide world put by Fate into their cradle."

These words of Masaryk came to my mind when I got the reviewer's copy of "Hideout," the first of Egon Hostovsky's books made accessible to the American public. Had he written in French or German, some of his earlier works would certainly be known in this country. The circumstance that his native tongue is spoken by but a few million people (belonging at that to the Slavic family of nations whose creative powers and cultural achievements until recently have been largely underestimated or even ignored in the Western World), stood as a solid barrier between the "golden key" and Egon Hostovsky who, although still in his thirties, had won a very distinguished place among the novelists of Czechoslovakia.

But now this barrier has been breached. Egon Hostovsky is finally being introduced to the reading public of this country where he has found both a haven in exile and an opportunity to work, as a member of the Czechoslovak diplomatic service, for the intensification of Czechoslovak-American cultural relations.

"The Hideout" is a novel, or to be more precise, a novelette, rather small in size, and its plot can be summed up in an outline of a few words. A Czech engineer flees from Prague, shortly before the Nazis march into Czechoslovakia, in order to save from them the plans of a new bombsight he has invented. His flight brings him to Paris where he hopes to sell his invention to the French government, and also to be reunited with a woman to whom he is attached in a strange and somehow ambiguous love. Caught in the chaos of the French defeat and

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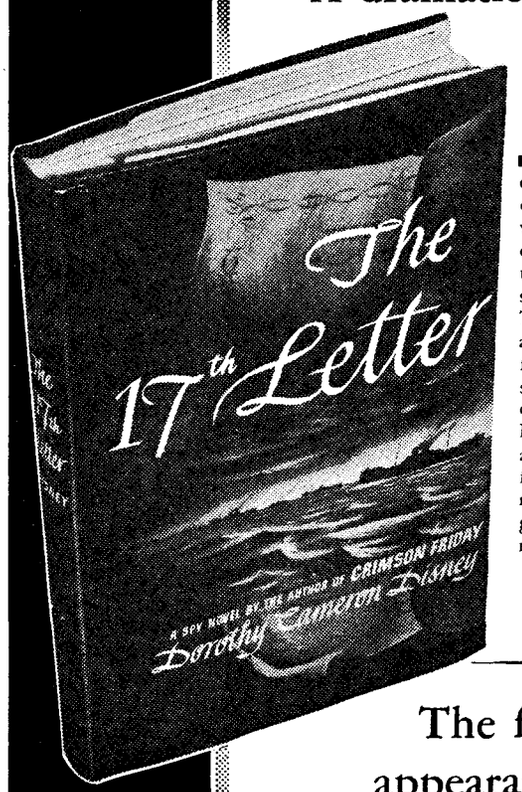

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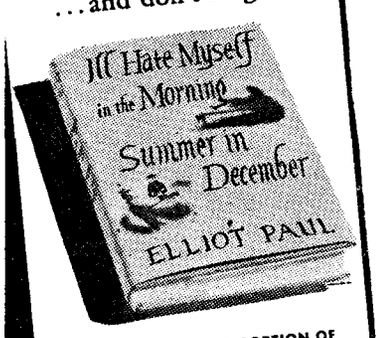

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capitulation, he finds a refuge in the cellar of a friend, a country doctor in Normandy. There he hides for months, living a dreamlike life filled with memories and visions, until he frees himself from the physical darkness as well as from the darkness of isolation by performing a daring deed of sabotage for the underground movement.

But the "story"—told by the hero in notes addressed to his wife—is but a medium for Mr. Hostovsky to deploy his art of character development, psychological suspense, and poetic imagination. His is a peculiar gift to make seemingly drab and shallow heroes look thoroughly colorful and bizarre.

A melancholy but by no means desperate or defeatist observer of our time, a strong believer in human dignity and human rights, Mr. Hostovsky delights in discoveries of the depths and oddities, the strange courses and subtle transformations of human souls. His fancy and his passion for mystery and symbols would often lead him astray were it not for a strong sense of irony, self-irony included. A forceful language rich in images adds to the pleasure of reading, and this quality is preserved, to a very considerable extent, also in the English version, although even such an expert translation as that of Miss Fern Long cannot but muffle certain sounds and colors of the original.

Exploring the Infinitesimal

SEEING THE INVISIBLE. The Story of the Electron Microscope. By Gessner G. Hawley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE electron microscope has a magnifying power hundreds of times greater than that of the ordinary optical microscope. On what principle does this new, powerful instrument depend? How does the infinitesimal world look when magnified a thousand times? What is revealed that cannot be seen with the usual microscope? Some of these questions can be answered, and Hawley provides the answers. Others cannot be answered, whereupon Hawley conjectures in a reasonable way.

To explain the electron microscope we must explain light. We enter a world of waves. Small as these waves are they are larger than average molecules and even some forms of microscopic life. A rowboat in the trough of ocean waves cannot be seen at times from a ship. So it is with many an infinitesimally small object. It is hidden by waves. Something finer than a light wave is needed if the invisible is to be explored by an instrument better than the ordinary microscope. That something is the electron. In the electron microscope objects are flooded with a stream of electrons. Whereupon they stand out sharply. The human eye can see a grain 1/250th of an inch in diameter; the ordinary microscope enables us to study one with a diameter of only 1/250,000th of an inch; but with the electron microscope anything can be detected with a diameter of one ten-millionth of an inch.

What new knowledge has been acquired by means of an electron microscope? Much and little. Bodies have been seen in the viruses, but what they are is still a mystery. Paper, rubber, carbon black, the fine structure of metals, smokes, the pigments of butterfly wings, fibres, plastics—all these and thousands of other materials have been examined with profit both to the scientist and the manufacturer. It has been found, for example, that it makes much difference in the fabrication of paper whether or not clay particles lie with their smooth, plate-like surfaces downward or whether they stand up on their edges. How particle shapes are changed by the addition of water has taught industrialists much about the lime, gypsum, and other components of cement. The image-grain of a photographic emulsion turns out to be a ribbon of silver crumpled up like a string.

In dealing with his subject Hawley necessarily has to discuss light, the electron theory of matter, and the history of electron "optics." This he does with a simplicity and a clarity that makes his book eminently good reading for the man who has only a high school knowledge of physics and chemistry, but who wants to know what an electron microscope is and how it works. Hawley is no wild romancer. With commendable caution he presents both the potentialities and the limitations of the electron microscope. And he knows how to marshal his facts and how to write.

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(*Continued from page* 19)

only arrogantly refused to be dislodged but found jobs for all his friends and relations back in Connecticut.

In time each came to accept the other. The Yankee learned some manners, and the Dutchman learned to speed up his mental processes. Just so, the "old-style" American Jew has for years been accepted here in America; he has "learned some manners" and the American way . . . and his competition has been good for American business. I maintain that it is the newly-arrived Jew, with the manners and code of some European ghetto, that is today causing what you rightly term "this rising tide of anti-Semitism in America."

These "new" Jews who are causing the trouble will in time learn some "gentility." Just as the Connecticut Yankee learned some manners in old New York. But meantime, the cultured and articulate among your race, like yourself, will have to try to understand that which is lacking, and help to supply it.

HOWARD CLARK.

South Britain, Conn.

P.S. *SRL* is decidedly to be congratulated on its fearless publication of a timely and searching article.

SIR: The extreme pessimism of David L. Cohn in his article on anti-Semitism in your issue of Jan. 27 must have affected, or infected, many readers. It must have startled them to read the admission that the Gentiles *can,* if they wish, exterminate the five million Jews now in this country, though the great majority of these are citizens under the theoretical protection of Federal and States constitution and laws.

But is the pessimism warranted by the facts? Hardly. No doubt anti-Semitism *is* growing in certain quarters, but, on the other hand, the opposition to that movement, or that perverse and irrational sentiment, is also growing. Books and magazines afford gratifying evidence of a determination to fight and overcome the really dangerous forms of anti-Semitism. The churches are aware of the menace in question and are not as silent as they have been for decades. Though the hoodlums and the ignorant and hate-ridden ruffians can do much mischief, they can desecrate synagogues, attack and beat up Jewish children, smash windows, and the like, yet these manifestations should not be overrated. A vigorous demand for action by the city and county authorities, or by the States, cannot long be left unheeded. We can take care of the lunatic fringe.

But Mr. Cohn asks, what should the Jews do, if anything, to combat and counteract the less violent or less vulgar manifestations of anti-Semi-

FRED B. MILLETT

author of

The Rebirth of Liberal Education

Professor Millett recently made a survey of the liberal arts programs at Reed, Scripps, Sarah Lawrence, Vassar, Bennington, and Hamilton Colleges, and Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, Iowa, California, Stanford, Colorado, Vanderbilt, Princeton, and Colgate Universities.

This is his report—a criticism of old-style liberal education tempered with news of hopeful reforms.

1. THE DECLINE OF THE HUMANITIES. Some of the reasons for liberal arts' inferior position: new courses competing for interest, the American emphasis on the successful life rather than the good life, the intrusion of the "scientific method" in Humanities courses.

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5. THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITIES. The hope of liberal education lies "where the humanistic teacher gathers a few students about him, and imparts to them the wisdom he has acquired, opens their eyes to the beauty in which the arts are infinitely rich, and deepens their faith in the intrinsic value of the good." $2.00

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tism? The answer is, the Jews *can* do more than they are doing, and they can proceed to remove some of the plausible grounds for the dislike or prejudice of which they are the discouraged victims. They should not hesitate to adopt more militant methods, to answer bigots and fools according to their bigotry and folly. Further, they should urge and work for statutes against group or race libels.

However, anti-Semitism is not *wholly* a Gentile problem. The Jews have neglected one way of life which, if cultivated and pursued by considerable numbers of them, would undermine anti-Semitism. They should return to the soil, as so many have done in Palestine with success and credit. They are called parasites, because so many of them prefer commerce, trade, and certain overcrowded professions. The charge is not entirely unjust. Historic and other factors account for the habits and preferences in question, but there is need of a deliberate change, a new deal. We need more Jewish farmers and fewer Jewish lawyers. This truth should be emphasized by the Jewish press and the Jewish organizations in our urban centers.

In short, the Jews can do much, positively and negatively, that is manifestly calculated to eradicate and fatally puncture anti-Semitism. Let them go to it!

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Cal.

SIR: Mr. David L. Cohn's piece in your issue of Jan. 27th on "What Can the Jew Do?" is as vicious a piece of propaganda as might issue from the Wilhelmstrasse—vicious in the sense that it seeks to enervate what little Jewish militancy has floated to the surface of a collective gloom which for centuries has encouraged a supine acceptance of pillage and death.

Not only is his piece barren of what Jews might actually do to fend off "inevitable" fate, as is advertised in the headline, but it encourages the fearful to expect death and torture and violation because ". . . it is obviously beyond the capabilities of the minority of Jews—the group against whom it is directed—to stop the progress of anti-Semitism here. They are too weak and too few. . . ."

Again: ". . . if Christian charity dies and love is superseded by hate, to what and to whom shall Jews appeal? What shall they do? What can they do? In my opinion they should make no appeals at all but conduct themselves as good citizens according to their lights and await the verdict of the majority with calm dignity."

With calm dignity indeed!!

There is reward in death, a death that other generations shall know was brought about that they might live. Jews are expendible. This is the bromide that Jews have been living and dying by for centuries. This is exactly a bromide, a canard, a lie.

For in life only is there salvation for despised people. In a life of militancy and devotion to the positive idea of living for the high purpose of bringing about on the face of this earth a society, an environment in which all men—ALL MEN—despised and loved, humble and great, black and white, Jew and gentile, poor and affluent can live and labor to further extend the circumstances under which human life can be fulfilled.

Is this the kind of philosophy which will bring Jews—and Negroes and white trash and share-croppers and every other beaten people—to the promised land of democracy? For how much longer do Jews propose to act as a bloody object-lesson of the wickedness of man, as an index to the need for Christianity?

How much longer will leadership such as Mr. Cohn's be borne in silence?

How eternal is the wailing wall?

LESLIE H. HORN.

Brookline, Mass.

SIR: As one of the "democratic Gentiles" referred to by Mr. David Cohn in his article "What Can the Jew Do?" I would urge him to write more such comprehensible articles. So few people know the facts. Perhaps the voices of the anti-Semites have grown louder, but I doubt if they have grown in number. And during the past year I have become definitely conscious of more and more thinking Gentiles audibly defending the Jew, calling attention to the salute to Hitler in the hand that is raised against the Jew.

The following poem "Prejudice" may interest Mr. Cohn, if you care to pass it on to him, since it is written by a Gentile.

A Jew, Yes, I am a Jew.
Leaning against this post I pause to plead.
The post quivers
with this Jew's heaviness
recalling One who hung in crucified despair.
To crucify me it is not needful that they raise me on the post—
already have I suffered crucifixion at their hands:
with nails of intolerance and scorn are my hands impaled,
and the sneers of greed-sick fools have locked my feet against progress.
Ah, but my heart is the worse afflicted
for pagan Christians have bastardized that name
by rending my breast with their cruel blade
and my blood and that of my people pours in hot sorrow
on soil no part of which may I call *mine*
for wholly is it claimed by Gentiles used to claiming.
My brow is pierced with thorns of prejudice
and my head droops with weary remembrances
of the persecution of my people.

I am a Jew. Your prejudice easily withers my
eagerness to plead—abashed at my presumption
I withdraw my intentions
and lean against this post to weep
in the shameful shadow of the past.

MELBA BENNETT.

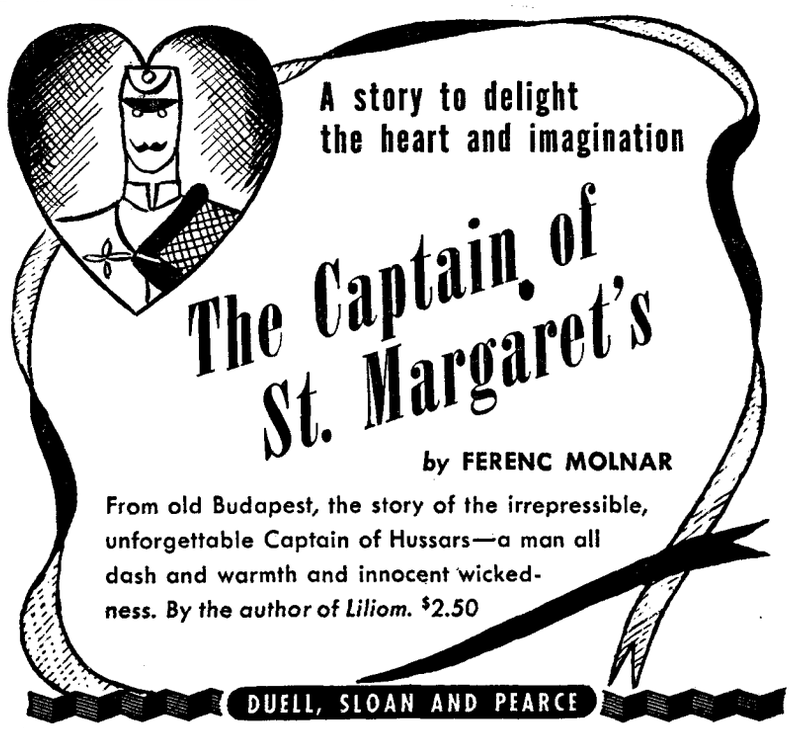
Palm Springs, Calif.

SIR: Thank you and David L. Cohn for "What Can the Jew Do?" I am thoroughly sick of the hush-hush attitude toward the very positive rise of anti-Semitism, and grateful for Mr. Cohn's clear and just delineation of the situation and its potentialities.

While I am writing may I also tell you how glad I am that John Mason Brown has joined you? I find so much good in your magazine that I wish it might reach an even greater number of people.

JANICE L. GORN.

New York, N. Y.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Sally Carrighar's Animal Alley

ONE DAY ON BEETLE ROCK. By Sally Carrighar. Illustrated by Henry B. Kane. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 196 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

THERE are three modes of interpreting the lives and behaviors of animals.

The first is the immemorial "popular" mode. It freely ascribes to fox or deer or eagle a kind of personality and consciousness hardly distinguishable from the psychic content of ourselves. The animal is represented to plan, calculate, foresee, recall, meditatively reckon, and elaborately deduce. It is represented to inhabit, as do we, a world of time, and of will, and of election and self-consciousness. There have been written a great many thousands of books in this genre, and they have sold a great many millions of copies.

The second mode of interpretation is in furious opposition to this kind of easy self-projection. Animals, it can be demonstrated, do not make a very bright showing in laboratory intelligence tests. The keenest of the apes evidences little more rational intelligence than a very young human child. Animals have no concepts, but only percepts; their rationality is slight and flickering, their bonds of instinct tightly controlling; it is dubious whether their life-experience rises to self-consciousness at all. Books written from this strict and skeptical-minded viewpoint have been a major scientific tradition.

The third and last mode of interpretation is very, very rare. It consists in recognizing that the other two modes are both, in their way, quite true, and both, in their way, quite false. Animals are neither people nor machines. They do not have their being in a full daylight of conscious awareness; but neither are they in the dark unawareness inhabited (presumably) by trees. They do not "know" life as we do; but they have their unconscious knowings. Their life is lived in a twilight zone of senso-motor experience: impulses, feelings, urgings, sensings, unanalyzed drives, and intuitional responses. Neither the method of popular anthropomorphism nor the cold method of the science laboratory will unlock to us the animals' world. The attempt of the third mode of interpretation is to achieve imaginative participance in that world by an instructed and passionate empathy: to break the barrier of humanness and, in an act transcending (though not violating) scientific sight, to attain to the nearer-mystical thing called insight. We are to *become* the deer; we are to *become* the coyote; we are to feel, as a lizard, what the sun means on our scaly back.

This kind of animal interpretation requires an uncommon and peculiar genius. Sally Carrighar possesses it. In "One Day on Beetle Rock" she has chronicled the interlinked lives, over a period of twenty-four hours, of nine wild creatures in one small area of earth: weasel, lizard, jay, mouse, squirrel, grouse, coyote, bear, and deer. She has done it in a sure and sensitive prose, and she has done it with insight and powerful persuasion. "One Day on Beetle Rock" is one of the small, fine company of books that are not merely popular animal stories, or merely scientific studies of animals, but animal literature.

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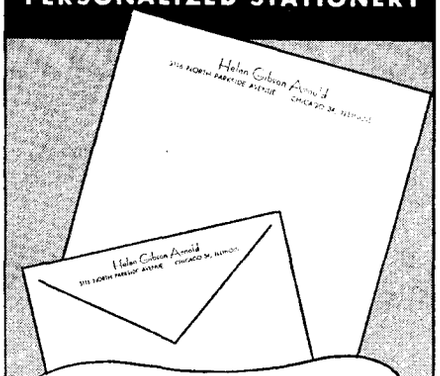

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The New Grimm

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1944. 864 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

THIS book has been one of the outstanding events of the current season, but I would like to consider the book as a book, since Mr. W. H. Auden, in a recent number of *The New York Times Book Review,* has written a remarkably fine essay on the Tales themselves. I cannot add to what he has said about the text, but there is something to be said about the physical properties of the book.

First, the pictures. These are first class book illustrations, clear, sharp, line drawings, imaginative and interesting. I like the use of color in many of them, since color adds a note of welcome gaiety. The printing has been poorly executed, since in too many of them the colors are out of register. This is too bad, for it gives them the appearance of having been painted by the hands of a careless child. (In fact, one of my artist friends suggests that the pictures might well have been printed in outline for the reader to color himself!) The title-page oval border with its animals and grotesque human figures, is a pleasing reminder of the similar border in the second German edition of the early nineteenth century.

Secondly, the format. This edition, with so much to recommend it, is still an ugly book to handle. Its nine hundred pages on good paper make a volume over an inch and three quarters thick. The type is beautifully large and easy to read, but this does not compensate for the unwieldy bulk. For such bulk the type is too large and too amply leaded; if so much amplitude was considered desirable, the work should have been printed as two easily handled volumes. And the omission of running heads or some equivalent page decoration gives an unfinished look to the page. With so much good material to start with it seems a pity that a more compact book could not have been evolved. Perhaps the most serious trouble with such a format is the inevitable fragility of the binding. It is a cased book (that is, bound in the usual machine style), rather loosely sewed, and will stand very little of the rough handling a book for children is sure to receive.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH KNELL *Baynard Kendrick* (Morrow: $2.)	Two related murders in Manhattan almost write finish to career of blind Duncan Maclain, who unravels odd case.	Ingenious murder method—slightly Goldbergian; sundry colorful characters—lit'ry people; ample action; and customary slick Maclain sleuthing.	High grade
THE JADE VENUS *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Capt. Kent Murdock, back in Boston after Italian campaigning, plunges into murder done over painting prized by mysterious parties.	Starts in high gear and gains speed through succession of thrilling situations. Just hard-boiled enough, well written, and craftily plotted.	Good
BLOOD ON NASSAU'S MOON *Walbridge McCully* (Crime Club: $2.)	Son of malingering woman patient of nurse Susan Gregory slain in Nassau hotel. Lieut. Swansdown, vacationing from Manhattan, investigates.	Sleuth with "lapping cream look" travels to New York and Saratoga to solve case with big-money angle and some precious villains.	Synthetic
DARLING THIS IS DEATH *Dana Chambers* (Dial: $2.)	Chance meeting in New England ice-storm sends Ashley Rawdor whirling through maelstrom of murder, espionage, and romance.	Ostensibly stolen sliver of plastic starts undercover men working and results in smash-up of Nazi plot.	Thriller
SHAPE OF DANGER *Axel Kielland* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Pleasure loving young Norwegian joins underground, is hunted by Gestapo, and barely escapes with life.	Exceptionally good novel of "Jössings" exploits in conquered country. Thrilling, romantic, inspiring.	Breathtaking!

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Plugs and Products

THE ADVERTISING SMOKE SCREEN. By Blake Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 228 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALBERT DEUTSCH

THE advertising copywriter's job is to arouse in the consumer an irresistible desire for his employer's product. The radio has given him a chance to bring his siren song into millions of homes. If the product he plugs is useful or a harmless contribution to human contentment, the demand-stimulator is doing a public service. All too often, as the expansive files of the Federal Trade Commission impressively attest, the product is useless and/or potentially harmful.

Blake Clark has used to good purpose the F. T. C. files in compiling within a compact and readable book such a record of broadcast skulduggery as must compel the active interest of all concerned with advertising morals and consumer protection. (The F. T. C. is the Government agency charged, among other tasks, with trying to keep advertising claims within a reasonable range of truthfulness.)

Chain-smokers worried about obtaining their favorite brand of cigarettes in these days of shortage might find some sort of compensatory comfort in perusing Clark's relation of F. T. C. charges of false and misleading advertising claims against the manufacturers of the biggest-selling brands, including Camel, Lucky Strike, Old Gold, Philip Morris, and Pall Mall. Some of these claims are merely senseless and harmless; others, the F. T. C. has charged, endanger the health of consumers. Lavishly advertised toothpastes and powders come in for some sound debunking in another chapter.

The most dangerous use of radio advertising, perhaps, is the plugging of patent medicines which, at their best, often detour sick people from seeking proper medical care though harmless in themselves and, at the worst, sometimes kill or permanently maim the suckers seduced by clever admen lacking scruples. In this category we have the pleasant-tasting laxatives, the treacherous painkillers, the myriad nostrums, and the weight-reducing pills that occasionally convert their victims into veritable skeletons. Clark names names, and they include some of the best-known products in the patent-medicine market.

It is a sad commentary on our supposedly free press, incidentally, that little of the sensational material in Clark's book ever finds its way into the newspapers, although F. T. C. news releases detailing charges against famous products are "privileged" public property. That is, any newspaper can use them without fearing legal recourse by exposed offenders. The reason for this general reluctance to print news of great interest and utility to readers is obvious: radio sponsors are also very generous buyers of newspaper advertising space.

Although it contains much eye-opening information in digestible form for the average consumer, Blake Clark's book regrettably has the appearance of being a quickie, hastily slapped together. It fails to probe deeply into the causes and possible cures of dishonest radio advertising. It does pose the moral, ethical, and practical problems involved, but fails to supply sound answers. Appeals to the radio industry itself to clean its own house are bound to be fruitless. Honest radio men are trying, but they are hamstrung by weak and often ineffective regulatory laws.

➡ This frantic message delivered to Monica Blaine at the Stork Club sets off a fast-paced story of danger and violence which leads to Mexico City. There, against a strange and colorful background, seven who had escaped from the treachery of Europe, meet a new destiny. A nerve-tingling murder mystery by one of the most popular writers in America.

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FEAR

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the Phoenix Nest

ON THE AIR

HERE are hushed soft-carpeted
halls, musicians, lights of mysterious nights,
glass cabinets of gesture to entice mimetic device,
wands that transform, transport, and
wizards aware of the powers of the air;
and the word *promotion,* the word of devising, *advertising!*
Powers of the air: sponsor and sales
promotion: and the air an ocean
in flux with sound from some supernacular station, sending salvation?
Gabble of interference, reception
drowned in syrupy sound
of hearty commercial and elated plug
for a soap, a rug,
for a purgative, a lotion, a purée—
demeaning the day
of distant death, equating heroic blood
with a pack of mud
for the complexion, slaughter of paratroop with a canned soup . . .
The air an ocean—the air—through
which men drone high and alone
or overswarming heaven, to blast
again cities of men!
The air an ocean, wherein the waves
we hear harsh on the ear
are infinitesimal to the rumor of time
from life's prime
as light from a star fartravelled, with
truth as true as planet in blue . . .
And the roll of the dead; and captives
agrope toward light; and hand-to-hand fight
holding at grips the town; the line reformed; the death-camp stormed;
and then—that same rich utterance,
to give for a laxative
its eloquent all, or strive our suffrage
to win for a vitamin!
We wire-tappers of time, that ever
will be from our intrigue free;
mite mechanicians blatant and infidel
to miracle;
lack-brained listeners with antennae
aware of oracular air
(mouth and ear of God) only as somewhere to cry what we sell and buy;
hucksters, who in his season (to market a broth) summon Mazzaroth,
or bind (for a powder to exterminate fleas) the Pleiades;
talkative tourists through the enormous home of the great god Ohm;
parasites of the incredible; pismires
afloat in the world of the mote! . . .
Overwhelming kilocycle and microphone with a startling tone,
even as we eavesdrop, by paralyzing
freak will something speak
on some wild day, in a voice of wrath
and tears, from the midst of our years,
Of that whereby the perpetual hills
are bowed or sped like cloud;
whose ways are everlasting, who set
in station all star habitation;
under which the deep utters wisdom,
the earth with rivers trembles and quivers?
For the multitudinous waves hold our
total past to the veiled last,
and here, while we bicker and barter
and jape and drone, strikes through a tone
from the beginning, emerging in moons
and suns, and rumor runs
of extensive matters, horripilating our
hair, who are on the air!

A number of letters sent congratulations on Marjorie Taggart White's poem printed in the January 13 Nest. One letter, to the contrary, saw world-anarchy blooming from her viewpoint! This same letter also said that poets were aristocrats and that the *People* really didn't like 'em, and that also there was a good deal to be said for monarchy! A better letter, taking issue with Miss White, is the following from Hubertis Cummings of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. I can only excerpt from it, for reasons of space, and I do not necessarily agree with the writer. But I respect her judicious interest in Miss White's poem. I can say for myself that I am anything but an Anglophobe, and I have admired Mr. Churchill greatly as a leader in this war; but I have deeply felt that his handling of the situation in Greece was bad blundering, and that his defense of his position, though aggressive, was unconvincing. The world picture changes so rapidly these days, that now his new severe attitude toward Franco in Spain does something to redress the balance. The Big Three meeting has ironed out some difficulties. But where poets feel injustice, it is good for them to speak out "loud and clear." All poems cannot be "emotion recollected in tranquillity"; many of the best are hot off the griddle.

I certainly do not believe in the government of any liberated country being seized by force; but, as I have read the most reliable correspondents, the situation in Greece has been greatly misinterpreted. As a matter of fact, when Miss White wrote "British rule, Tempered to steely strength on Indian mobs" she was writing what is no less than the truth, whatever your attitude may be toward British rule in India. But when an American touches upon the subject of British rule in India he or she is touching a hot stove. As for the Nest's views, having repeatedly pointed out our own national disgraces: the treatment of the Negro, suffrage frauds, the triumph of monopoly, I feel that this department can hardly be criticized as "holier than thou." But here is a frank and interesting letter, in part:

> I believe with you that poetry should *be, mean,* and *say;* and I cannot but believe that John Milton, whom as thinker, man, and poet I revere most highly despite Robert Graves's recent pot-boiler indictment of him, and whom you bring to the support of your position, would stand for pretty much the same conviction. Yet valid as a thesis may be as a general proposition, question may always remain as to its applicability in a particular given instance. Moreover I cannot myself see that the example which you praise in connection with your thesis adds laurels to your column. For although I can discover sincerity in the passion of the author of "Our New Order," vigor in her images, sweep in her lines, I do not behold in the poem enough of the aspect of "emotion recollected in tranquillity" to be impressed by any deeply inhering power there.
>
> Liking, as I confess I do like, to have informed thought behind the feeling, the being, and the intent of a poem, I cannot lightly surrender to Mrs. (Miss?) White's lines. No one—I think at moments, in the intensity of my own passion—can be more sorry than myself at the recent experiences of the ELAS in Greece. In the numbers of them, whom we at our thirty-five hundred miles of distance can so glibly call leftists, are gallant Greeks, we can be sure, who all but fought the Italians out of Greece in 1940, who kept up resistance to Fascists and Nazis for four long years, and who did much to hurry the Nazis out of their country in 1944. My hat is distinctly off to their courage; there is no reverence which I care to withhold from

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Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 88

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 88 will be found in the next issue.

FGCFNA RQKUQPU CTG QHVGP

EQPEGCNGF WPFGT UYGGV

JQPGA. —QXKF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 87

CRITICISM IS A STUDY BY WHICH MEN GROW IMPORTANT AND FORMIDABLE AT VERY SMALL EXPENSE.

—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

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them. I am, in fact, not at all happy about recent British policy, either military or civil, in Hellas. But neither is, I am willing to believe, General Scobie or Premier Winston Churchill. [This seems distinctly debatable: Ed.]

Yet, as I reflect upon the actions which statesman and general have felt constrained to take against the ELAS, I can see logic in their behavior. The British cannot in reason, in these critical months for the life of democracy and of democratic principles, take any other position than that the government of no liberated country shall be seized by force of arms by any group before adequate provisions have been made for giving the entire electorate of that country opportunity to act upon what shall be its mode of political life. Nor can our own American Department of State assume other than such a position. And even if there be some suspicion of cant in its way of assuming it, the sanity of the position is not thereby invalidated.

Yet the poet whose poem you choose to honor in The Phoenix Nest makes no allowance for this position. . . . Rather Mrs. White, with what looks to me like all the tremors of an Anglophobe, must write her perfervid lines about "British rule, Tempered to steely strength on Indian mobs" giving to the Greeks, instead of their desire, "our new order"; she must rub the steeliness in with tanks to staunch their "blood and sweat and tears." . . . In all of this, undoubtedly, the poet is *saying;* and she *says* with a fine vehemence in her closing lines which half tempts me to be her pupil. But can you explain to me what good Mrs. White has in mind when she has the British (or is it just her "we?") shooting ELAS victims down in German fashion? And could Mrs. White footnote for the readers of *SRL* the informed thought on which she bases her implications upon the subject of British rule in India?

If you should, in your editorial capacity, care to inform her that she has had at least one dissenting and unappeased reader in the writer of the present comment, will you please also remark to her that I am neither Canadian nor Briton but an American by blood of the ninth generation, that I venerate the traditions of humanity in both Greece and Britain, that I love and cherish Homer as I love and cherish Shakespeare, that I am a respecter of passion, of *le mot juste,* and of sustained and reasoned thought in poetry?

The trouble with my correspondents is, their letters are too interesting, they are always lively in discussion! Perhaps I am not as lazy as I seem in giving them so much space.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Rudyard Kipling. 2. William Blake. 3. Jane Austen. 4. France. 5. Edgar Allan Poe. 6. John Keats. 7. Dickens. 8. Tobias Smollett. 9. Lloyd Douglas. 10. Lamb.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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FOR RENT: Young woman—editorial assistant; education and experience. NYC. Box 869-K.

WANTED: qualified writer to rewrite unusual book. Box 874-K.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER wishes job—summer resort—July-August. Library, hotel, Gift or Book Shop, or other congenial work. Box 877-K.

B.S. IN ENGLISH, February 1945, Teachers College, Columbia University, desires teaching position in or near N. Y. C. while pursuing M.A. evenings and Saturdays. No training in student teaching. Has tutored privately and possesses varied experience in institutional work. Box 878-K.

PERSONALS

HELP! Does a kindred soul in Long Beach, California, have space for a service librarian, her piano, her books, and her record collection? Rooms, apartments, houses, palaces—anything will do. Box 871-K.

WOMAN WITH WIDE KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS, including children's literature, some selling experience would like position in the vicinity of San Francisco. Box 872-K.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, agreeable, cultured, capable, reliable, desires position as Home Manager, full charge: good cook. Go anywhere. Box 875-K.

ESTABLISHED WRITER, or experienced, to rewrite or collaborate anonymously on unusual Old World Novel for mutual profit. References. Box 873-K.

WANTED: Gentleman with scientific background and publicity experience, interested in acquiring partnership in newly incorporated publishing firm. Please write fully. All informatnion regarded as strictly confidential. Box 879-K.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 33*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

THERE are two innovations in this week's DC page—both designed to improve the mechanics of the puzzle. The diagram appears at the bottom of the page in order to facilitate working from the definitions to the squares. Through this re-arrangement and through other type changes, we have increased the working space in the "Words" column. I hope all this meets with your approval.

Replies to my query as to what constitutes cheating in doing Double-Crostics are beginning to arrive. Lieut. W. J. Hill, a DCer from the Navy Supply Corps School, Harvard University, writes, "Isn't it almost cheating to use Bartlett to fill out a quotation?" To be sure, you cheat yourself of the fun of puzzling, but it must be a relief to find the solution thus handy, for I myself very rarely take quotations from anthologies. They are either too short for my purpose, or lacking in the letters I need for the acrostic, or as a rule, hackneyed. I think I have already raised the question, a matter of curiosity, as to how anthologists gather the contents of their volumes. When I began my DC project as a cross section of English and American poetry I recall using anthologies to speed the work, for the publishers of my books gave me just a month to compile the first as an experiment. If the *SRL* hadn't released for my use half of the hundred I had presented to them for approval, I could never have accomplished the feat. When I wanted something from Herrick all I could find were the familiar ones known from a study of Palgrave. When I sought a volume of his poems, I was amazed at their diversity and extent, and I recall my pleasure when George Stevens, then Editor of the *SRL*, asked me where I got the poem used. Since then for English and American literature I have consulted at the source.

Now, Mrs. R. F. Hammatt, Chevy Chase, Md., holds that "cheating in DCs is waiting until next week's answer comes and then peeking." This, she adds, "bears out her contention that the answers should be nowhere around, even next week!" She's pretty hard on those who want the answers, contending that they are not true DCers but belong to those who work newspaper puzzles with the answers on pg. 22. Mrs. Hammatt enjoys a bit of fun with her W.N.I. in the process, doesn't try to work against time, but plays with it as a cat would a mouse, and when finished consults her W.N.I. further to see if those awful words are really there—and they are!

When I read of Yalta as the meeting-place of the Big Three Conference, I then thought that at least it would be familiar to our DCers. Some day similarly some of those beautifully-sounding and -spelled names from India—like Chhuikhadan—will be equally familiar. E. S. K.

FEBRUARY 24, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 570

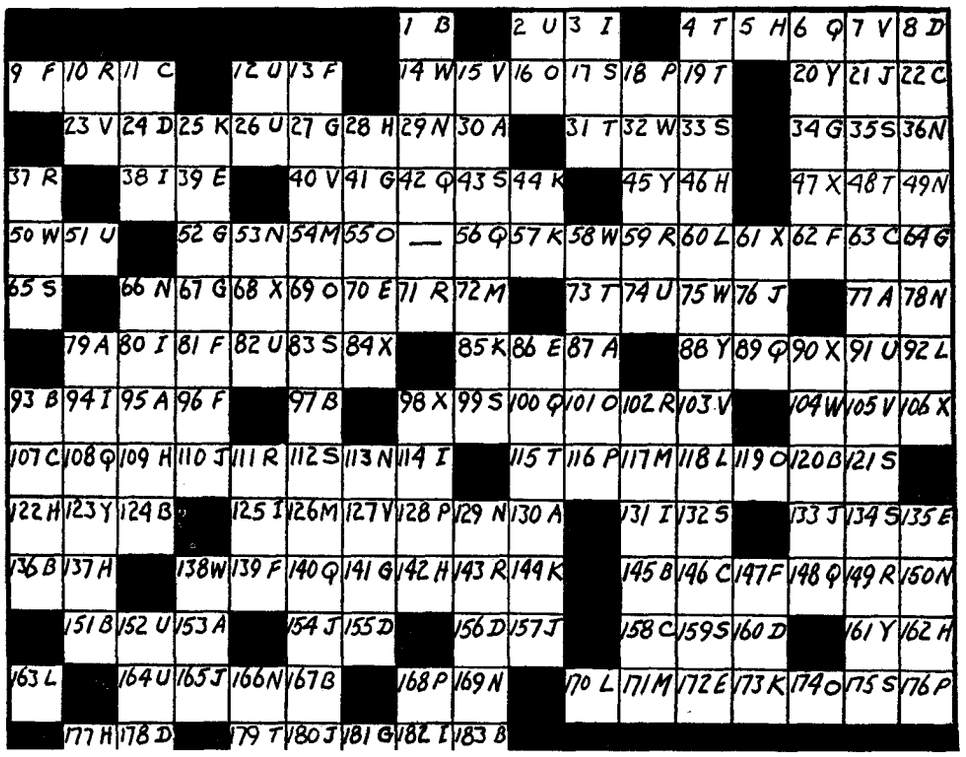
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Exclamatory word meaning God's blood.	77 153 87 30 79 95 130
B. Fringed; having a fringed border.	183 97 145 136 120 1 151 167 124 93
C. Therefore; accordingly (Lat.)	146 11 63 158 107 22
D. American social scientist (1857-1929).	8 160 156 24 155 178
E. American painter (1884-1936; landscapes and murals).	135 86 39 70 172
F. Bay off N. J., South of Staten Island.	62 81 96 9 147 139 13
G. Striking or astounding (Slang).	34 52 67 41 27 141 64 181
H. Infernal.	5 177 137 142 162 109 28 122 46
I. Noisy or unrestrained carousal or frolic (Slang).	125 38 3 131 94 114 182 80
J. In progress (3 wds.)	21 180 133 165 110 154 76 157
K. Kind of cake or bread used in certain sacrifices (Bib.)	173 85 144 44 25 57
L. Attractively smart or stylish (Slang).	92 118 170 60 163
M. An entire range or graded series.	72 171 54 126 117
N. Absolutely mistaken; demented (Slang; 3 wds.)	113 49 78 53 36 169 29 66 166 150 129
O. English historian (1737-1794).	101 174 55 16 119 69
P. Flying; fluttering.	116 168 18 176 128
Q. Quick, sharp knocks (on door, etc.)	108 6 89 140 148 100 42 56
R. Watchful care.	59 149 10 37 143 71 111 102
S. To die or expire (often with up; 3 wds.)	132 99 43 17 33 83 134 35 65 159 175 121 112
T. Rooflike coverings, usually of canvas.	179 48 19 73 115 31 4
U. Made a nest (Rare).	152 12 74 82 51 2 164 91 26
V. Cautious; circumspect.	23 15 40 7 127 105 103
W. Country in South America.	75 138 50 58 14 32 104
X. Various trailing brambles impeding progress in the bush (New Zealand).	90 47 98 84 61 68 106
Y. Fine metallic particles removed by a cutting tool	88 161 45 123 20



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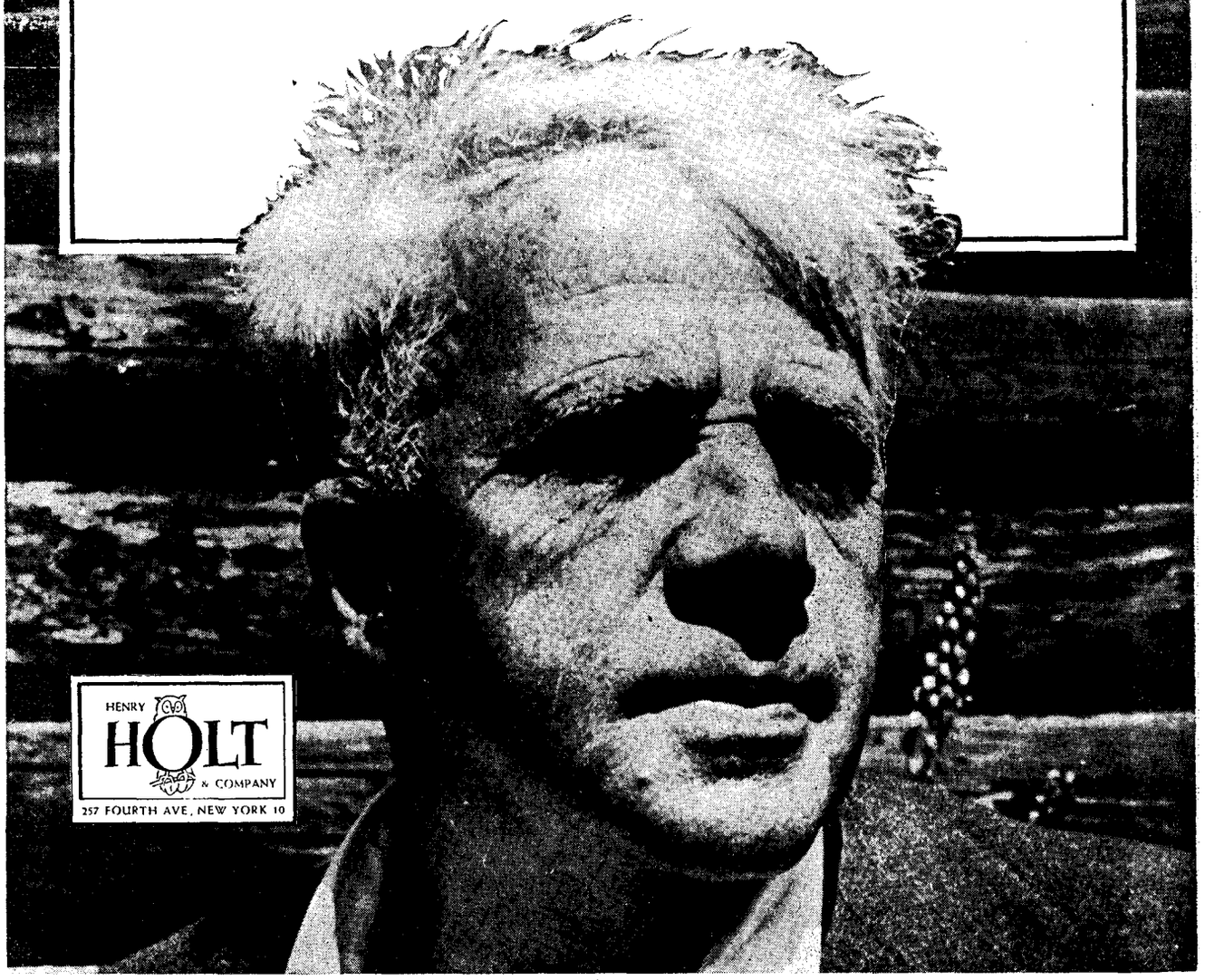

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